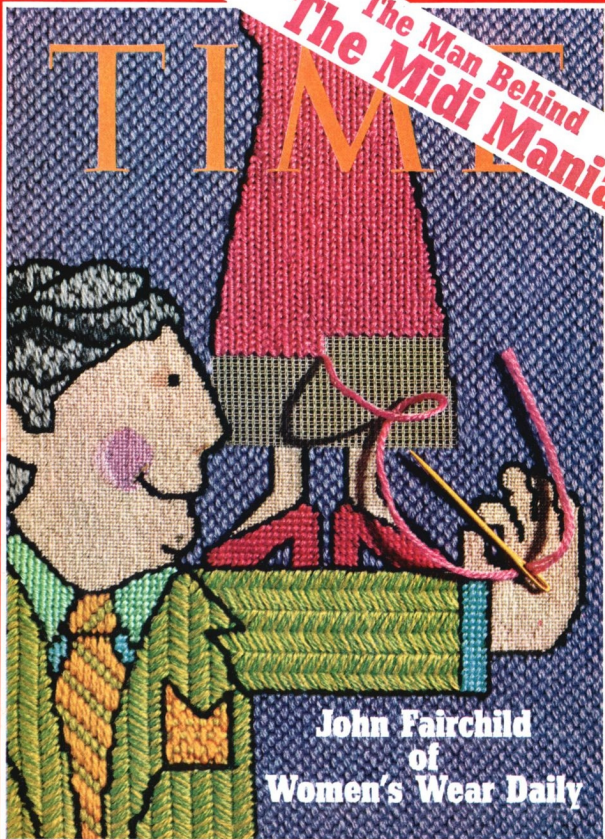


FIFTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 14, 1970

The Man Behind
The Midi Mania



**John Fairchild
of
Women's Wear Daily**

CHEVY'S NEW IS OPEN FOR

We call it Vega 2300.

We also call it "the little car that does everything well."

Because it does.

Vega moves well, stops well, steers well, rides well, handles well, responds well, passes well, travels well, parks well, wears well, and is priced well under what you'd expect to pay for such a talented little car.

In our highway tests, Vega has been getting gas mileage in the neighborhood of the little imports, which isn't a bad neighborhood.

Yet unlike your average little car, ours

steps right out when you step on the gas.

The engine is a specially designed overhead cam four with a lightweight aluminum alloy block. It turns slowly and quietly at turnpike speeds, with power to spare.

Disc brakes are standard in the front. So are bucket seats, except on the truck.

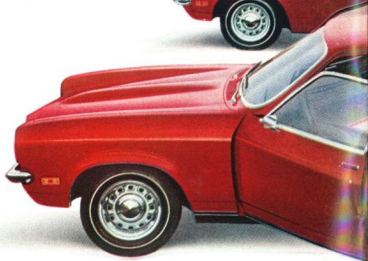
How we doing so far?

Numbers speak louder than words.

The wheelbase is 97 inches.

Total length is just under 170 inches, or nearly four feet shorter than a full-size Chevrolet.

Height is just over 51 inches, six inches



Y LITTLE CAR BUSINESS.

lower than the leading import.

Width: a nice stable 5½ feet.

Weight: 2,190 lbs. for the sedan.

Engine displacement: 2300 cubic centimeters, or 140 cubic inches.

Fuel economy: about 25 mpg, with the standard transmission, in our highway tests.

Horsepower: 90. (You can order 110.)

Seating capacity: 4 adults.

What it all adds up to is a lot of little car.

Three cars and a truck.

Vega turned out so well that we couldn't turn out just one.

So we're turning out four: the sporty little hatchback coupe shown open and closed in the foreground below; the sedan, on the right; the Kammback wagon, on the left; and the little panel truck, in the rear.

Oh, and a special GT version of the coupe and wagon which we'll show you later on.

September 10th is Opening Day.

All 6,300 Chevrolet dealers are handling Vega, so you shouldn't have to go very far to see and drive one.

Chevy's new little car is open for business. Look into it.



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Why Were Bankers Warned That This "New Book Could Upset the Savings Appalcart"*

How To Make It to 13 1/2% or Stronger More— All Insured

There are many things banks don't like to talk about. They don't like to talk about the fact that they do, indeed, pay interest rates of 8%, 10%, 13 1/2%, and often more, to a select group of knowledgeable depositors!

What's the difference between these men and women and you? Simply this—that they know certain "inside" techniques of depositing and withdrawing their savings (all perfectly legal, incidentally) that you don't! And—therefore they earn two to three times as much interest on those savings as you do! Like this...

Would It Be Worth An Extra Ten Minutes A Month To You—To Bring Home Two Or Three Times As Many Dollars From Your Savings As You're Getting Today?

The procedure is simple. But to put it to work for you, tomorrow, you have to know these few "smart-money" facts:

1. Most thrifty people in this country today are actually *losing* money on their savings. The interest they get from a regular bank account is actually far less than the lost purchasing power that inflation cuts right out of their savings.

This is one of the great social tragedies of our time. And if you are stupidly unaware of it, present in this country today, you are penalized. Either you are driven to speculate in the stock market, where you can be lost out of your money. Or you try to secure safety for your hard-earned capital in a bank—and watch inflation turn your dreams of early retirement and financial independence into dust!

2. But you just don't want to accept these two tragic choices any longer! Now there is a Third Way to invest your money, that gives you the absolute safety you want, plus huge guaranteed returns that you may not even have dreamed possible before.

* Read What The Banking Industry Itself Says About This Startling Volume!

NEW BOOK COULD UPSET THE SAVINGS APPALCART

TIGHT MONEY, Regulation Q, and the much-touted Age of the Consumer, are key ingredients in a flammable mixture about to be ignited by a book which could explode in the face of the commercial banking industry this year. This says:

"The millions of people who have saved a few dollars in the form of savings accounts and insurance have been prevented from gaining any profit from their investment—indeed they have been forced to accept real losses—by what amounts to government agency fiat. These depositors have contributed more, perhaps, to the growth of our economy than any other group, and it is unjust that controls apply only to interest rates to depositors, while there are no controls over the inflationary wage and price increases. Conditions permitting this 20 years of discrimination should be changed."

I am quoting from a book, titled, "Don't Bank On It! How To Make Up To 13 1/2% percent and More on Your Savings—All Fully Insured."

The book is dedicated "to the members of the median income group, those truly forgotten men whose savings deposits make banking, as we know it, possible."

"Don't Bank On It!" may be coming out at an auspicious time, as the general public is becoming more aware of high interest rates, and, thanks to truth in lending, is being conditioned to look at rates of 12 or 18 percent as low. No doubt he'll soon recognize that 4 or 5 percent is peanuts.

About the Authors

Martin J. Meyer is president of the National Depositors Cooperative Association. He also serves as Vice President and Secretary of Intercept Tele-Communications, Inc., a new international cable and telegraphic interception and forwarding organization. Mr. Meyer has written numerous magazine articles on banking, thrift, and inflation.

Dr. Joseph M. McDaniel, Jr. recently elected President of the World Health Organization, was Secretary of the Ford Foundation from 1953 until his retirement in 1967 and Dean of the School of Commerce at Northwestern University. His distinguished career includes government service with the Economic Cooperative Association.

3. It is based on one simple fact: That most depositors are completely passive about where and how they save their money! They never take the time or two hours that are necessary to learn the "inside workings" of the banking system. Therefore, they never even hear about the "super-savings accounts" that can yield them far more than ordinary interest on their money.

And, above all, they have never heard about the simple, ingenious techniques of "Loophole Depositing"! Active, precisely-timed deposits and withdrawals that take an average of ten minutes of your time per month—and bring you back 8%... 13 1/2%... even 19% on every dollar, with exactly the same total safety that you get on ordinary bank accounts today!

You Do Only What The Banks And Savings And Loan Associations Themselves OPENLY PERMIT. Except Now— YOU DO IT A LITTLE SMARTER!

At this moment, in this entire country, out of the over one hundred million people who have savings accounts, only about forty thousand of them use these techniques. They are still brand-new—virtually unknown. Only now has a book been published that reveals them to every man and woman who is willing to risk a 6¢ stamp to learn them!

The time required to read this book from cover to cover is approximately one weekend. Or, if you wish to skip the banking background at its beginning, it will take you about an hour or two to learn these "Active Depositing" techniques themselves. And once you learn them, from that moment on, you will be able to exploit every legal loophole in the entire banking system, including:

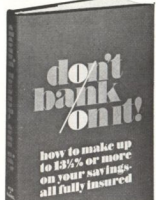
How to get more than 8% interest per year as an absolute minimum, with hardly any more work than filling out your deposit slip in a different way. And then go from there all the way up to as much as 19% to 25% in special situations, for limited periods!

How to protect yourself against the possibility of interest rates dropping in the future. So you're guaranteed the high interest rates available to you today, even if tomorrow your friends find their return on their savings cut in half!

How to make banks pay interest to you on money you don't really even have on deposit—non-existent money—on money you have already spent! (And the bank loves you for it. Because, no matter how much you make, they make more! Page 143 shows you how.)

How your checking account can be used by you to earn higher interest than your present savings account.

Yes, how you can even earn high interest on your credit card! So that you are now earning in-



terest on other people's money—and spending it at exactly the same time!

Special Warning Section: Two common mistakes, that unknowingly trap thousands of depositors every year, that could completely destroy your savings!

And how to defer income tax on the interest you get. Two plans that offer marvelous tax-sheltered advantages.

And—let us repeat once again—*all completely protected by United States Government Insuring Agencies!* With no service charges—no minimum balances—no legal technicalities! Ready to go to work right now for the investor with \$500—or \$500,000!

Prove Every Penny Of It Yourself— Entirely At Our Risk!

The top money men in this country—the very banks themselves—use these techniques! Why shouldn't you? All you risk to learn them all is a 6¢ stamp with the Coupon below! They send it in—and start your savings earning double and triple interest—8% to 13 1/2% or more—TODAY!

—MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!—

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of DON'T BANK ON IT! I understand the book is mine for only \$8.98 complete. In addition, I understand that I may examine this book for a full 30 days entirely at my risk. If at the end of that time, I am not satisfied, I will simply return the book to you for every cent of my money back.

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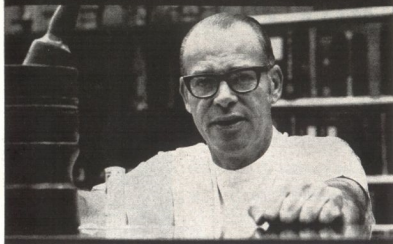
City

State

Zip

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**"You get more value
for your dollar in
prescription drugs today
than ever before..."**



but try to tell someone."

A pharmacist talks about the price of medicines and the price of health care.

Ask my customers about the prices of prescriptions and they'll usually say "they keep going up!"

True, after many years of a downward trend, the drug price index has gone up. But the rise is a modest one compared to the overall cost of health care and the sharp upswing in consumer prices. In the past year, the price index for prescriptions rose 1.7% ... while the cost of living was climbing 6.0%.

The average family spends a little more than one-half cent of its consumer dollar on prescription drugs. Less than a dime out of every medical care dollar goes for these health-giving medicines ... a smaller percentage than a family spent 10 years ago.

The average prescription today costs \$3.68*. For this, the purchaser gets products that are more effective than those available a decade ago. Six out of ten of the most often prescribed drugs were not even available then. These new medicines give the doctor more potent weapons. More ailments are being controlled. Patients get out of the hospital sooner (or stay out altogether). And this can mean a sizeable savings in the family's health care budget.

As a professional, I know that drug industry competition ... in price, research, quality, new products and service ... has meant continued increases in the value my customers receive.

*Another point of view ...
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers
Association, 1155 15th St.,
N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005*

*American Druggist Survey, 1969

LETTERS

Women's Lib

Sir: Women's Lib [Aug. 31]—phooey! They are only leading us to Orwell's 1984, where men and women are such equals that life is sterile and children are reared by the state in nurseries away from their parents. Brrr. That's not for me.

A lot of our nation's problems, financial and social, are due, in part, to women leaving home to take jobs and compete with men instead of devoting their time and energy to the really important jobs of wife and mother. If all those "Libs" were married to the "right man" and were blessed with children, then they would find the most rewarding, completely full life possible. I feel sorry for them all.

(MRS.) BONNIE J. HUGHES
San Gabriel, Calif.

Sir: All (woman) power to dear Abby Adams! After only 194 years, her wise advice on the necessity for feminine equality is getting the attention it deserves.

But your editors (overwhelmingly masculine?) missed the timeliest quote of all: "Whilst you are proclaiming peace and good will to men, emancipating all nations," she wrote her Congressman husband, "you insist upon retaining an absolute power over wives. You must remember that arbitrary power is like most other things which are very hard; very liable to be broken."

Right on, Abigail.

JANE F. DETMOLD
New London, Conn.

Sir: What is puzzling is the fallacy that women are the gentler sex. On the con-

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The nine lives of a Travelers man.



Charlie Kaiser. 1. Life insurance man. 2. Car insurance expert. 3. Home insurance expert. 4. Retirement plan counsellor. 5. Estate planning advisor. 6. Business insurance expert. 7. Financial planner. 8. Employee benefit plan-

ner. 9. Health insurance expert.

A lot of living for just one guy.

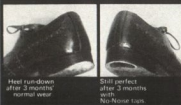
But it means that Charlie — along with thousands of Travelers men like him — can handle nearly any financial or insurance problem you or any-

body else can bring him.

And, remember, the more lives a Travelers man has to spend on your insurance and financial planning — the less of your own life you have to spend on it.

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Sir:
I'm ready to kick shoe repair costs.
Enchased please find \$
Rush me .. pairs for men, .. pairs for women, .. pairs for children.

trary, women have always been associated with violence. Hurricanes bear feminine names, and a warship is referred to as "she." The long-range gun that shelled Paris in World War I was called "Big Bertha." Even in nature, it is the lioness that makes the kill.

BENJAMIN ROSEN
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sir: I am the wife of a business executive, mother of five children aged nine to 21, and manager, with only part-time cleaning help, of a large twelve-room house. I do all my own cooking, entertain fairly frequently and have the usual assortment of suburban-mother-type chores (assistant den mother, vice president of the League of Women Voters, active on the citizens' committee on the schools, etc.). In addition, I manage to hold a half-time position as instructor in sociology at Long Island University in Brooklyn, 41 miles away.

So who the hell is Male Chauvinist Hugh Geyer calling lazy?

(Mrs.) MARY JEAN TULLY
Armonk, N.Y.

Sir: Sisters—don't give up one form of slavery in favor of yet another; resist the draft!

FRED NIEVEEN BREUKELMAN
Dover, Del.

Sir: It's time that TIME liberated us too. How about a Woman of the Year?

(Mrs.) VALERIE K. FLYNN
Syosset, N.Y.

► *The Duchess of Windsor held that title in 1936; Madame Chiang Kai-shek shared the honor with her husband in 1937; Queen Elizabeth II was chosen in 1952.*

Host Without Guilt

Sir: Despite the protestations of youth [Aug. 17], as a member of the Establishment I refuse to have personal or group guilt feelings. We, too, abhor war and would prefer love and peace, but do Red China and the U.S.S.R. allow us to pursue such noble desires? We, too, are against hunger, poor housing, discrimination and poor medical care, but aren't we the ones who pay the taxes, contribute to charities and hire and help the minorities? We also approve of sex and love, even though the fire burns less furiously, and we supply the youth with the Pill, facilities for safe abortions and medical care for their rapidly increasing rate of venereal disease. Why is the parasite so angry at the host?

ARTHUR M. GREENE, M.D.
Omaha

Sir: I am a longtime admirer of your excellent reportage in other fields, but your coverage of youth leaves virtually everything to be desired.

While you devote most of your space to the Woodstock crowd, you frequently mention the existence of young Nixonites and Wallacites, and on special occasions you even hint that there are a few scattered wispy-washy moderates.

For all your seeming sophistication, you seem unaware of the attitudes of a majority of our generation. There are among us pacifists who don't give a damn about ecology, right-wing hippies, speed-freak bigots, Agnew fans who want marijuana legalized, and crew-cut political radicals.

It is quite possible to dislike Ronald Reagan and Jerry Rubin equally, to smoke

grass and not feel we have to bomb banks, and to enjoy *Hair* but still go to church once in a while. We are neither boy scouts nor demonstrators, goody-goodies nor political prisoners. We are liberals and conservatives and reactionaries and radicals. Because we don't fit into the molds you have fashioned, we have somehow escaped notice in the mad rush to publicize youth today.

MARK MCCONVILLE
Camarillo, Calif.

Sir: Author Wilfrid Sheed, in the recently published *Max Jamison*, commented most appropriately when he said: "I am not against youth as such. They are wonderfully teachable. But that they should be teaching us; that we should invest them with oracular powers, read into their shrugs and moans some great gnostic wisdom—this is an American superstition so crass that one scarcely knows where to begin with it."

ALIDA C. KRATNOFF
North Bergen, N.J.

All About Angela

Sir: Re your reference to Angela Davis' "brilliance" [Aug. 24]: I have only to cite the evaluation of her teaching conducted by the Philosophy Department of U.C.L.A., which found her qualifications "adequate but not exceptional."

Concerning her fight for academic freedom, I find it strange that she is unwilling to allow anyone else to exercise this right (some would probably call it a privilege). She has repeatedly stated that academic freedom is meaningless unless it promotes political and social freedom; very good. But when asked if she herself would extend this freedom to include those of the political right, or those who hold views opposed to hers, she has stated that "there is no place for the fascists or demagogues who aim at control and further enslavement." On another occasion, when she was asked to discuss or debate a point with a graduate student who was opposed to her violent tactics, she refused and said, "Why debate an issue that has only one correct side?"

These seem rather strange—or at least out of place—statements from one so involved in gaining academic freedom.

GUY-VINCENT DE PAUL
Los Angeles

Speakin' o' Art

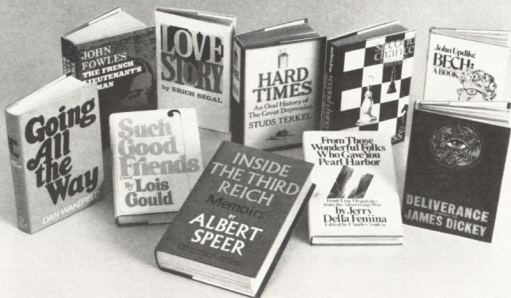
Sir: TIME's article on tobacco spitting [Aug. 17] appears to treat the subject as a novelty outside of Raleigh, Miss. That it is an established art is evidenced by a quotation from our beloved Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley: "Speakin' o' art—I know a feller over t' Terry Haute at kin spit clean over a box car."

Should your article be criticized, there is also a quotation from John Steinbeck: "In art the subject upon which you concentrate is unimportant, it is only the quality of your concentration that counts."

GEORGE E. TALMAGE
Indianapolis

A Second Look

Sir: Congratulations on your excellent coverage of the Treaty of Moscow [Aug. 17]. As plans for a European security conference are being formulated, Germany is leading still another attempt to unify Europe—peacefully this time, of course, and politically and economically as well—through the expansion of the Common



Conversation pieces



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Market. It is clear that Europe is pulling away from American influence and intends to stand apart from both superpowers.

Perhaps this is all to the good, but we would do well to look again at the history of German-Russian peace treaties and the world-shattering events that followed them.

A.A. ARMSTRONG
Denver

Sacred Symbol

Sir: Harold Hothan "jeered and booed" when the Czech waiter flashed a Nixon-Agnew button [Aug. 24]. To that waiter, a slave in a slave state, that button was a sacred symbol of free elections, free speech, free trade, free minds and private property. It was a symbol, to him, of life worth living. When Harold jeered that button, he jeered not Nixon and Agnew but the nation and the concept of America. The waiter literally risked his life to show Harold that button, and all he did was jeer at it and at him. Harold Hothan sickens me.

WENCESLAUS ANDRUSKIEWICZ JR.
Buffalo

Mod Martyrdom

Sir: Father Daniel Berrigan [Aug. 24] does not impress me. Someone who knowingly and deliberately breaks the law and then tries to evade the consequences of his actions is not a man of principle—he is a vandal. The moral force of his opposition to laws that he considers unjust comes when he accepts the responsibility and the consequences of his actions. As

Thoreau stated in *Civil Disobedience*: "Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison."

Unfortunately principle and moral force are not the determining factors in modern-day martyrdom; media coverage is.

DAVID R. STONE
Lima, Peru

Man the Beast

Sir: Your informative account of the current cholera epidemic—not yet, mercifully, a "pandemic" [Aug. 31]—would have been still more informative if you had not been so nasty-nice-Nellie in talking about "waste-contaminated water supplies." I know you can't use the usual four-letter word—though what's wrong with "dung"? But the fact is that cholera bacilli multiply only in human (not animal) intestines. To carry cholera, water supplies must be contaminated by human fecal matter, or, if you prefer another bowdlerism, human excrement. If man would stop drinking and washing in the water into which he defecates, there would be no more cholera. The disease may be 80% to 90% curable, but it is 100% preventable—if people were not such filthy beasts.

GEORGE CROZIER
Manhattan

A Couple of Cards

Sir: Naturally we were very pleased that TIME chose to illustrate an item on California's population problems [July 27] with one of the "Pot-Shots" postcards cre-

ated, copyrighted and published by this company, even if you didn't give us any credit for it. Last it be thought, however, that in saying, "It's really quite a simple choice: life, death or Los Angeles," we have despaired of California altogether, let me point out that there is another card in the same series that says, "There may be no heaven anywhere, but somewhere there is a San Francisco."

ASHLEIGH BRILLIANT
President
Brilliant Enterprises
San Francisco

War May Be Injurious

Sir: Your readers are correct. It is deplorable that U.S. Senators have purchased TV time to advocate peace [Aug. 24]. I strongly suggest that these Senators and the "Advertising People Against the War" take action to have the Federal Communications Commission order all broadcasters to give free and equal time for messages about peace to match all those that they have carried for the Government for a half-century as "public services"—messages in behalf of military recruiting, war efforts, reserve units, etc.

After all, if the FCC has forced the electronic media to carry messages against cigarettes because of the suspected link between smoking and disease and death, why not compel them to admit that war, too, may be injurious to human health?

PATRICK E. LEE
Great Falls, Mont.

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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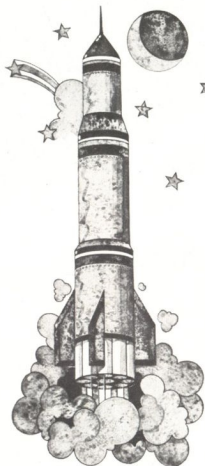
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
September 14, 1970 Vol. 96, No. 11

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

According to Lindy

Charles A. Lindbergh has always been a fascinating blend of contradictions: mystic and mechanic, first hero of the machine age, world-traveling anchorite. As the aviation age that he inaugurated and helped to build fills the skies with metal and gases, he has become a passionate environmentalist, speaking round the world to promote conservation and speaking privately against production of the supersonic transport that he originally encouraged.

It is only as a historian that Lindbergh displays a persistent and bewildering consistency. In the late '30s he argued constantly against U.S. involvement in the war against Hitler, a position that provoked charges of isolationism and anti-Semitism. Now he has published *The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$12.95), 1,000 pages of the diary he kept from 1937 to 1945. In a letter quoted in the introduction, Lindbergh defends his original judgment that the U.S. should have stayed out of the war.

More astonishingly, he argues that the U.S. actually lost World War II. "We won the war in a military sense," he reasons, "but in a broader sense it seems to me we lost it, for our Western civilization is less respected and secure than it was before. In order to defeat Germany and Japan, we supported the still greater menaces of Russia and China, which now confront us in a nuclear-weapon era. Much of our Western culture was destroyed." Then, in a sentence that falls somewhere between Nietzsche and incoherence, he declares: "We lost the genetic heredity formed through aeons in many million lives."

Lindbergh does not disclose what he thinks the future of Western culture might have been if the U.S. had not entered the war to destroy Nazi Germany, though it seems safe to assume that Germany would eventually have developed nuclear weapons and completed its annihilation of the Jewish people and other "inferior" races. If Lindbergh's historical judgments were not so baffling, they might be very ugly.

Not to the Swift

Like Hopalong Cassidy sipping sarsaparilla in a riotous saloon, the entrants in the Clean-Air Car Race picked their way across the nation inhaling volumes of exhaust from other travelers. Their own machines were ingenious con-

traptions of varying degrees of purity powered by gasoline, batteries, propane gas or even steam.

Thirty-six of the 44 entries last week completed the trip from M.I.T. to Caltech in Pasadena. The winner: a 1971 Ford Capri burning unleaded gasoline and outfitted with an air-injection afterburner, an exhaust-gas recirculating system, and four catalytic mufflers to clean up exhaust partially before releasing it.

Dial-a-Radical

For an organization with Banker David Rockefeller as its chairman and Governor Nelson Rockefeller on the board of trustees, Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art is bankrolling an incongruous enterprise. As part of the museum's current exhibit on "Information," a poet named John Giorno contributed a sort of Dial-a-Radical service. By telephoning (212) 956-7032, the public can hear one of more than 600 predominantly revolutionary, tape-recorded messages.

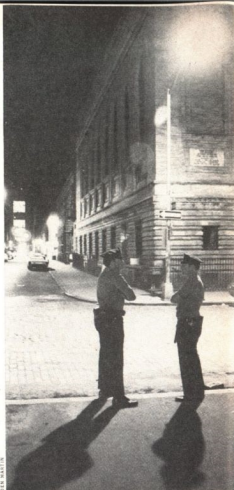
One of them is "Revolutionary Letter No. 7," which advises the caller: "There are those who can tell you how to make Molotov cocktails, flamethrowers, bombs, whatever might be needed. Find them and learn . . ." Poet Allen Ginsberg chants mantras. Weatherman Activist Bernardine Dohrn announces that her group will bomb a symbol of "American imperialism."

For this public service, the museum is paying \$284 a month for tapes and telephones. But is it art?

The Bear Conspiracy

Many of the thousands of tourists who crowd Yellowstone National Park each year come to see the black bears that panhandle along the roadsides. This summer a number of the bears are missing in action. Around some campfires, a dark conspiracy theory grew. Park rangers, said the rumor, were shooting down the bears because 1) the bears cause traffic jams, or 2) so many visitors bitten by the bears have been suing the National Park Service for damages—and winning.

But there is a happier explanation. Since last year, the rangers have issued dozens of summonses and warnings to tourists who tried to feed bears. Finding their stocks of ham-and-cheese sandwiches diminishing, the bears, which seem quicker to learn than the tourists in this respect, have pulled back into the wilderness. They are eating well there; because of a late, wet spring, it is a vintage year for berries.



PATROLLING LONELY BEAT IN NEW YORK



SLAIN PHILADELPHIA POLICE SERGEANT VON COLLIN

Snipers in Ambush: Police Under the Gun

THE shadow is sinister, and the darkness is spreading. Through a summer largely free of ghetto rioting on the broad scale of the 1960s, there have been mounting numbers of isolated incidents of guerrilla-style attacks on policemen in many U.S. cities. In July, a white officer on Chicago's South Side was shot and killed as he sat in his patrol car filling out a report. In Omaha in mid-August, one policeman was killed and seven others injured when a bomb exploded as they investigated a report of "a woman screaming." Two weeks ago, in a largely black district of Los Angeles, a policeman had his skull creased by a bullet moments after he heard the shout, "You're a dead mother-----!" Last week the ominous tempo quickened, with deadly attacks on policemen in several cities.

In Illinois, a state trooper patrolling a predominantly black housing project was shot by a sniper. In San Francisco, a bomb blew up a patrol car as two policemen checked out a burglary report. Four cops sustained minor shotgun wounds in an apparent ambush staged by Mexican Americans in Riverside, Calif. In New York City, an officer investigating a report of gunfire at a Brooklyn yacht club was shot in the right arm; he was the city's fourth officer to be sniped at in less than a week, and a night-long hunt through the surrounding swamps failed to yield a suspect. Worst of all, within a scant three days, one Philadelphia policeman was shot dead pointblank and six others were wounded in a series of apparently unrelated incidents. A gunman, whom police described as black, walked into the guardhouse of a West Philadelphia park and pumped five bullets into Sergeant Frank VonColln, 43, as he sat quietly behind his desk. As always when one of their own is killed, the police acted quickly. Within five days after VonColln died, five suspects were in custody; two others were still being sought.

For the city cop on the ghetto beat,

constant tension has long been commonplace. But in 1970, there is a new and special kind of peril: in his patrol car or on the sidewalk, the policeman knows that at any moment a sniper's rifle may be trained on him from an unlit alley or a nearby rooftop. Thus far this year, 16 police officers have been killed in unprovoked attacks, more than double the FBI-computed total for all of 1969 and nearly four times the annual average for the past ten years. At least 57 have died in the line of duty so far this year; 86 such deaths were so identified in 1969, an alltime record.

Off-the-Pigs. Even in a nation increasingly numbed by violence, there is something particularly chilling about the specter of widespread assault on the men in blue. Says James Riordan, chief of the patrol division for the Chicago police: "People believe that an attack on policemen is really an attack on society. It's the symbol of authority that's being attacked." Clarence Coster, of the Justice Department's Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, agrees: "It's this whole confrontation with the Establishment, and the policeman is the most visible part of that Establishment."

Still, most major acts of violence against the police are probably not deliberate or planned terrorism. They appear to be the work of isolated, unstable individuals. If there is not a conspiracy afoot in the classic sense, however, senior law-enforcement officials do feel that there is a kind of climate of incitement that is new. Since many of the incidents have taken place in black ghettos, some top cops point to the influence of the Black Panthers. Says a top law-enforcement official: "This isn't a case of some Panther big shot telling the party chapters that the time has come to go after the cops. There is no overall coordination of the shootings. There isn't any doubt, though, that the sniping is the direct result of the Panthers' 'off-the-pigs' propaganda. The Panthers, with all their talk of killing

policemen, have escalated violence. It's beginning to build into warfare."

Contagious Example. Edward Kierman, president of New York's Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, finds the attacks "part of a cold, logical, hard-eyed revolutionary strategy." Berkeley's Chief Bruce Baker thinks that a militant sees headlines about ambushes of police and concludes: "I'd better get in on this." Between the two views—the conspiracy theory and the suggestion that attacks on cops are only isolated and unrelated—Dr. John Spiegel, director of Brandeis University's Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence, sees something in the middle. He believes that an incident in one city can set a contagious example that will be followed elsewhere.

John Lacoste, deputy police chief in Emeryville, Calif., echoes that view and suggests that the origins of the epidemic are not exclusively black. "If a group like the Weathermen create an atmosphere of tension and hate," he argues, "it is much easier for a black man who has possibly been abused—or thinks he has been abused—to go ahead and 'execute' a policeman, especially when different black groups advocate these 'executions.'"

Moral Dilemma. In Philadelphia, the Rev. Paul Washington, black rector of the Episcopal Church of the Advocate and a man on good terms with many militants, calls the attacks on police "a kind of Samson syndrome" among individuals who find themselves without hope but can ventilate their sense of frustration by blindly striking back. Last spring a TIME-Louis Harris survey discovered that 40% of blacks between 14 and 21 felt that violence was probably necessary to win their rights; far fewer of their elders agreed. As a whole, the black community seems to oppose guerrilla fighting against the police, but many militant black leaders who are not Panthers express plenty of sympathy for the tactics of ambush and sniping.

At the Congress of African People in Atlanta last week, a meeting of black

NEW YORK POLICE SEARCH FOR SNIPER IN BROOKLYN SWAMP AT DAWN



Two Policemen on the Beat

In the shock wave of attacks on policemen, Philadelphia has been an epicenter. TIME Correspondent Karsten Prager made the rounds one night last week with two members of the city's elite, all-volunteer "highway patrol," a highly mobile force distinctly unpopular in the high crime areas where it is deployed. The patrolmen were David Messaros, 29, white, with two years on the force; and Lawrence Boston, 26, black, a four-year veteran. Prager reports their feelings about the perils of their job:

TWO of the Philadelphia policemen shot the weekend before were members of the highway patrol. Messaros and Boston were the second team to answer the victims' call for help: when they arrived, they confronted an angry, shouting crowd of 150. Only by using threats could the two men get through to their wounded colleagues. "I really didn't feel very much then," Messaros says. "I let out a couple of screams to let off

thief. The year before, a man fired his .38 at the pair, but he missed.

Neither man takes chances. Boston never leaves home without his gun, "even to go to church"; Messaros says he straps his holster on before he brushes his teeth. "Fear is something in your mind that has to be overcome," Messaros says. Boston is equally stoic: "Hell, I could die tomorrow at the movies." Still, both feel that their equipment—pistol, blackjack, nightstick, helmet—could be improved upon by putting a sawed-off shotgun in their car. No need to point it at anyone, they say—"just that you come out of the car, and it comes with you."

When Messaros started as a cop, he says, "I almost got killed for treating people the way they taught us at the academy, like being friendly and all that. I'm not a nice guy any more. When we get out of the car, we don't know who the guy is that we're gonna look at or what he's got or what he's gonna do." At one point on this night, they stop a young black about to go into a bar in a known narcotics area. They search him for drugs. "This just ain't right," he complains over and over. His protests get louder, so Boston warns him: "Don't you grandstand on me." The youth is clean; they release him and he disappears, muttering. Either he has just managed a masterful counterfeit of innocence—or the police have made a new enemy.

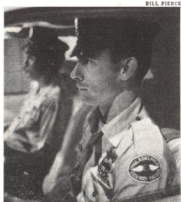
If Messaros and Boston were worried about making things worse, they do not show it. "Careful as usual, business as usual," says Boston, peering down an empty alley. But neither man believes that the most recent attacks on the police will be the last. "A cop can sense it," Boston says. "The hostility in the street is going up. You can feel it right there, and it will get worse."



PATROLMAN BOSTON

the pressure. Yesterday, three more cops got hit. I read the first account of it this morning and all of a sudden I started to cry like a baby."

To Messaros and Boston, the enemies are "bugs"—"riffraff," as Boston translates it, white and black alike. "It's not really a war," Messaros explains. "It's trying to make a place that's got good people and had people living in it safe for the nice people. That's why I'm a cop. I like the job, but I also don't want my kids going through all this." Boston adds: "Bugs don't care who you are. When push comes to shove, they don't care whether you're green or black or gray or what. They just go for the uniform." Both men have had close brushes with serious injury or worse. Messaros was stabbed in the hand last year by a young car



PATROLMAN MESSAROS



PHILADELPHIA POLICE FRISK
It isn't revolution—

nationalists in search of a new and more constructive stance, the consensus of the delegates was that in the black revolution it is inevitable that some police will die, regrettable as that is. Many felt that they themselves would not take rifle in hand, but that they could not seriously object to the spectacle of their fellow blacks doing just that. Chester Lewis, a Wichita lawyer who is general counsel for the black nationalists' congress, observed: "It's unfortunate that so many brothers feel so alienated that they have no other recourse but to strike out in this way. And who am I to stop him? That brother knows his own anger better than anyone else."

Washington Post Columnist William Raspberry is no Uncle Tom, but last week he damned the assault on the police as self-destructive. "Cop killing is not revolution," he wrote. "Sometimes it's more like suicide. It doesn't take many senseless attacks to get Americans to the point where they will condone virtually any retaliatory move on the part of the police." TIME Correspondent Joseph Boyce, a black who spent nearly five years on the Chicago force, notes: "As a former policeman, I'm placed in a moral dilemma. I am aware that there is a necessity for 'law and order' in its most unadulterated sense. But I am also aware of the need to eliminate what has been a double standard in dealing with blacks and whites. I wish I could say that the sniping will stop. I cannot."

End to Anarchy. Police in many U.S. cities are taking or demanding steps to protect themselves: working increasingly in two-man teams rather than alone, establishing special crews of marksmen available for anti-sniper duty, asking for the right to tote shotguns in their squad cars (see box). But some thoughtful cops concede that such measures are not the solution. Says Chief



BLACK PANTHERS ON SIDEWALK
it's suicide.

Lacoste: "If someone is really interested in killing a policeman, there is not much you can do about it. There are only so many precautions you can take and still be a functioning police department."

One of the sources of irritation between cops and ghetto residents is the tough treatment that blacks often get from the police. Last week, after the Philadelphia police deaths, police raided three Black Panther headquarters and at one of them forced the male blacks to strip on the sidewalk for a search. To ease tension during large-scale demonstrations, John Spiegel of Brandeis suggests a variation of the student marshal system used to cool the crowds during the May 1 pro-Panther rally on the New Haven Green. If neighborhood marshals were put to good use where confrontation is likely, they might be more effective than cops from outside. The problem, says Spiegel, would then be "put in the hands of people who want to see crowds stay orderly for their own sakes—because they live there." Last week, at Mayor John Lindsay's urging, New York City took a step along similar lines by authorizing the presence of lawyers as neutral observers during mass demonstrations.

The basic problem, however, runs much deeper. If the cycle of hatred and mistrust and revenge on both sides—police and blacks alike—remains unbroken, then the police can only be reduced to the role of combat soldiers in a widening civil war. "They have to realize," says Coster, "that the harm they inflict will return against a colleague tomorrow." He adds glumly: "The policeman's rapport with the minority community is gone." Only if it can be reestablished, at considerable sacrifice to the dug-in positions of both sides, is there a chance for an end to this form of anarchy in the ghetto.

The Plight of The Doves

WHEN wounded, even a dove can express its pain by crying out. As South Dakota Democrat George McGovern faced certain defeat in the Senate on the amendment that he and Oregon Republican Mark Hatfield had sponsored to force the withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Viet Nam by the end of 1971, he assailed his colleagues in brutally personal terms. "Every Senator in this chamber is partly responsible for sending 50,000 young Americans to an early grave," he charged. "This chamber reeks of blood."

Scathingly, McGovern argued that "it does not take any courage at all for a Congressman or a Senator or a President to wrap himself in the flag and say we are staying in Viet Nam—because it is not our blood that is being shed." But, he predicted, the young men who are sent to fight "will some day curse us for our pitiful willingness to let the Executive carry the burden that the Constitution places on us." McGovern claimed that his fellow Senators had contributed to "that human wreckage all across our land—young men without legs or arms or genitals or faces—or hopes."

Before any Senator could reply to McGovern, time had run out for debate on the amendment, which its supporters called an end-the-war measure and its foes termed a lose-the-peace proposal. It was killed by a 55-to-39 vote, as 34 Republicans and 21 Democrats, mostly Southerners, voted nay.

Appeal to Anxieties. A prevailing argument was voiced by Kansas Republican Robert Dole, who dismissed the measure as "a shallow appeal to the emotions and anxieties of good Americans, who are weary of seven years of war." He contended that the Senate ought to express its confidence that President Nixon was moving toward "peace with honor, rather than retreat and defeat." Some antiwar critics of the Administration cast negative votes in the belief that a withdrawal deadline would hinder rather than help peace negotiations. The defeat of the amendment cleared the way for easy Senate passage of a \$19.2 billion military procurement authorization bill.

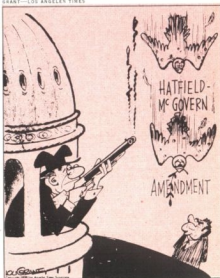
The margin of defeat for the McGovern-Hatfield proposal was neither small enough to constitute a "moral victory," as Hatfield claimed, nor large enough to stand as an impressive endorsement of presidential policy. The willingness of more than a third of the Senators to take the unprecedented step of handing the President a deadline for terminating a shooting war was a clear warning that senatorial patience was precariously thin. Yet the vote also indicated Nixon's skill at maneuvering to take the steam out of each resurgence of opposition to his strategy for seeking peace.

Only four months ago, the antiwar, an-

timilitary sentiment based in the Senate seemed a formidable challenge to the Administration. Much of the nation was still stunned or suspicious about the U.S.-South Vietnamese invasion of Communist sanctuaries in Cambodia. In that climate, the doves managed to pass the Cooper-Church amendment, banning the use of funds to support similar U.S. operations in Cambodia in the future. But a gentlemanly pro-Administration filibuster delayed passage until U.S. forces had pulled out, making the issue seem academic. Since then, the doves have been beaten on every significant amendment they have offered. On several attempts to limit Administration plans to expand the anti-ballistic missile program, the most they could muster was 47 votes. All of their efforts to cut the Pentagon budget on the floor of the Senate have proved futile. At the same time, opinion polls show that public support of the President's policies remains strong. Temporarily, at least, the doves are dispirited and in flight.

New Optimism. A few days before Vice President Agnew's visit to Phnom Penh, the U.S. announced an estimated \$40 billion program of military aid to Premier Lon Nol's government. Described by the State Department as "modest but meaningful," the program actually quadruples the present amount of U.S. aid. Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, confirming what had long been accomplished fact, defined the use of American airpower in Cambodia well beyond its original limitation of hitting only at supply lines. The U.S. air mission there, he said, was "to destroy supplies and buildups, buildups of personnel as well as supplies."

Based on its latest intelligence reports, the Pentagon is increasingly



OPENING OF DOVE SEASON



U.S. HELICOPTER PILOT RESTING NEAR DANANG
Enjoying the promised respite.

convinced that the Cambodian invasion is proving to be a smashing success as a limited military venture. *TIME* Pentagon Correspondent John Mulliken finds a new sense of general optimism among top military leaders, who claim impressive achievements for the operation. It amounted to "the worst setback the Communists have had in 20 years of war in Indochina," contends one Pentagon officer.

After studying both U.S. estimates and captured Communist documents, the Pentagon now puts the North Vietnamese casualties at a minimum of 10,000 dead, compared with 362 U.S. and 818 South Vietnamese dead. If accurate, these figures mean that nearly a fourth of all enemy troops in Cambodia at the time of the invasion were killed. However, they may only demonstrate again that body counting is a highly unreliable exercise in this war. Since the invasion, the Communists have failed to mount any significant attacks in South Viet Nam. U.S. military analysts consider them incapable of doing so now along the Cambodian-South Vietnamese border. They could mount offensives from Laos or North Viet Nam, in the north, but have not done so.

South Vietnamese troops now handle almost all search-and-destroy sweeps. One result has been a sharp curtailment in U.S. casualties, which were down to fewer than 70 deaths last week. At the same time, there is no sanctuary in Cambodia free of U.S. aerial attack or safe from assault by the South Vietnamese. Communist supplies have been so cut that only the equivalent of about four truckloads a day reach troops in Cambodia, the Pentagon believes. This means that although Hanoi has 40,000 men in Cambodia, it can keep only about 800 men, or two battalions, engaged in combat operations at a time.

With the port of Sihanoukville (now

called Kompong Som) closed, supplies come primarily along the Ho Chi Minh trail, and this route is under bombardment. In sum, the Pentagon view is that the Cambodia operation was so effective that "time is now on our side." The U.S. public has, of course, heard such optimistic assessments from its military leaders before—and they have often been wrong. What is undisputed in the battlefield evidence is that since the Cambodian operation, South Viet Nam has enjoyed four of the six to eight months respite from pressure that the President promised as one dividend of his unexpected action.

THE PRESIDENCY

Wooing the Labor Vote

One day not long after American troops entered Cambodia, the usual complement of tourists, strollers and protesters in Washington's Lafayette Square were startled to see a swarm of black limousines pull out of the White House gates, wheel around the corner and descend on A.F.L.-C.I.O. headquarters. President Nixon, maps and charts in tow, had come to explain his Cambodian policy to the executive labor council. He thus made a parlor call in a continuing courtship that Republicans hope will erode the Democratic Party's traditional base among working men and women.

That there are votes up for grabs was confirmed two weeks ago by A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany during his 76th birthday press luncheon. "Our people are looking less to the Democrats," he said, "because, actually, the Democratic Party has disintegrated—it is not the so-called liberal party that it was a few years ago. It almost has got to be the party of the extremists. More and more [they] are going to lose the support of our members." When a reporter asked if the man at 1600 Penn-

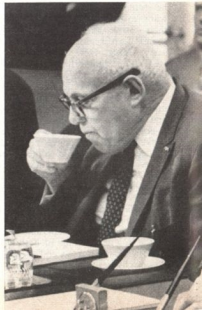
sylvania Avenue knew that, too, Meany said emphatically: "You bet your life he knows it."

Military Pageant. Just how well the President knows will be evident this week. Nixon is coming back to Washington from San Clemente early to throw a Labor Day party at the White House for at least 200 labor leaders, including Meany—a radical departure, especially for a Republican President, from the *pro forma* proclamations that have marked Labor Day celebrations in recent years. After dinner, they will be joined on the South Lawn by an estimated 6,000 labor union employees and their families for a military pageant that will conclude with the Army Band playing Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*—complete with cannons booming on cue.

The staging is no coincidence. It is with an appeal to patriotism, stability and law and order that Nixon hopes to place the blue collar and hardhat firmly in the company of the Silent Majority that he considers his own. As Political Analyst Richard Scammon observes: "What is unusual is that until now, Republicans have generally not considered such a large appeal to labor as worthwhile. Now they do."

Souvenir Hardhat. Some of the reasons why the Republicans believe the romance will flourish are already evident. In New York, at least 17 unions have endorsed Nelson Rockefeller for Governor over Arthur Goldberg, a candidate whose impeccable credentials as a labor lawyer and Secretary of Labor under Kennedy would normally rate reflex support. Parades of hardhats backing Administration policy in Southeast Asia have reified the peace backlash and warmed the President personally. Nixon entertained construction and longshoremen union leaders in the Cabinet Room, accepting a souvenir "Commander-in-Chief" hardhat. Later, on his trip to the South, he proudly noted a New Or-

MEANY & NIXON AFTER POSTAL



leans construction workers' helmet and said: "I have one of those."

There are exceptions to this new rapprochement within labor's ranks, notably the United Auto Workers, and Nixon still faces labor opposition to his economic policies. Inflation, rising unemployment and tight money hit labor where it lives; Meany kept up the pressure on the economic front, charging in his Labor Day message that "the combination of recession and inflation at the same time results from ill-conceived Administration actions." But the Republicans are looking to '72. The Labor Day party is based on the premise that, by then, jobs and prices will not be any bar to thinking Republican in the polling booth.

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Olsen Affair

A onetime Marine captain and a widely experienced journalist, Arthur J. Olsen joined the State Department four years ago as public affairs adviser for the Bureau of European Affairs. Earning a reputation for integrity, accuracy and diplomatic expertise, he rapidly became known to State Department reporters as "one of the press information people in Washington who are really worth talking to," in the words of the Washington *Post's* Chalmers Roberts.

When Olsen was appointed last month to become the department's chief of press relations, both reporters and diplomats were generally enthusiastic. But the approval in Washington was not unanimous. Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater fired off a note to Secretary of State William Rogers declaring that Olsen's appointment was "personally obnoxious" to him and implying that it be withdrawn.

Report from Bonn. The Senator's grudge against Olsen dates from July 15, 1964 when, in the midst of the Republican National Convention, the New



GOLDWATER CAMPAIGNING (1964)
Threats of "trouble."

York Times published a story from its Bonn bureau reporting that Goldwater had been exchanging letters with right-wing West German politicians. Most notably, said the story, quoting "competent informants," Goldwater had been in "frequent and friendly" correspondence with Hans-Christoph Seebohm, a conservative who was then the West German Minister of Transport. The byline on the story: "Arthur J. Olsen," then the Times's Bonn bureau chief.

When the story appeared, Goldwater called it the "damnedest lies," and Seebohm's staff issued a denial that the two men had ever met or exchanged letters. Today, Olsen sticks by his story, claiming that he confirmed it with Seebohm and other sources.

After Goldwater's first letter of objection, Rogers promised to support Olsen. The "personally obnoxious" phrase is a term usually reserved to block appointments that are subject to Senate confirmation; Olsen's job would not require Senate approval. Sometimes, by protocol, Senators can effectively use the phrase to stop other appointments if the man involved comes from the Senator's state—but Olsen has never lived in Arizona.

Throwback? Then Goldwater dispatched a second letter, repeating his objection and this time threatening to make "trouble" for the State Department in Congress. Finally Rogers backed off. Last week the State Department announced that, "in light of all considerations," Olsen will remain in his present job on the European bureau.

The New York Times called the Olsen affair "a throwback to McCarthy-type repression." It was not that by any means, but because of a personal vendetta, Goldwater was allowed to exercise a veto to which he had no legal or privileged right, and a man well qualified for a job was denied it.

PERSONALITY

The New Jess Unruh

Almost everything they say about Jesse Marvin Unruh has been true at one time or another. He has been a hard-drinking political boss, wreathed in cigar smoke, with the bulk of Falstaff and the political cunning of Richard III. He has also been one of the nation's most brilliant state legislators, a reformer of the California state assembly and a studious lecturer at Rutgers and Yale. This year he is hoping to achieve another persona by defeating Ronald Reagan and becoming Governor of California. TIME Correspondent Don Neff filed this analysis of one of the nation's most complex politicians:

Which is the real Jess Unruh? They all are. He is the former Texas farm boy who at 18 hitchhiked to California with \$5 in his pocket and became speaker of the state assembly at 39. At least a part of "Big Daddy" Unruh was once a paradigm of the cynical and, to his enemies, sinister political boss. Lyndon-esque in his legislative mastery, he held an almost singlehanded rule over the California assembly from 1961 to 1969, when the Republicans at last gained a majority.

It was during those years that Unruh earned an unsavory public reputation as an arrogant political schemer. First there was his image: he favored electric-blue suits and fat cigars and carried as much as 290 lbs. on his 5-ft. 9-in. frame. He wolfed down gargantuan meals and gulped down Scotch, haughtily killed bills, demanded favors from lobbyists, made or broke political careers with a word. One night in 1963, he invoked an obscure parliamentary procedure to have the Republican assemblymen opposing him on a bill locked up for nearly 23 hours in the assembly chambers. His last name (pronounced *Un-roo*) is, appropriately, the German word for unrest.

Fat Buddha. It was around 1963 that Unruh began to redefine himself. After a political cartoon pictured him as a fat Buddha, he abruptly cut out starch and Scotch and in four months took off 100 lbs. The effort was a good example of his will. A stutterer as a boy, he overcame his affliction by forcing himself to deliver class talks and joining the debating team. In 1959, when he saw a picture of himself puffing a cigar like Boss Tweed, he stopped smoking on the spot. Until last year, he spoke with a lisp; he had that corrected by wearing braces over his bottom teeth for seven painful months and having his upper teeth capped.

Today, at 47, Unruh wears well-tailored Italian suits and razor haircuts, holds his weight at a husky 190-200 lbs., drinks moderately and counts his calories. He has also trimmed his name from Jesse to Jess. His opponents call the change only a minor victory of public relations. Says one enemy who is in-

SETTLEMENT IN APRIL



fluent in California Democratic politics: "Hell, scratch him and there is the same old conniving Jesse Unruh. To know him is to hate him. Sure, he has to say there is a change. How else can he get elected?"

To some extent, Unruh has always been a victim of caricature. He is remembered for two harsh dicta from his assembly days: "Money is the mother's milk of politics," and, speaking of lobbyists: "If you can't take their money, drink their booze, screw their women and look them in the eye and vote against them, you don't belong here." But he was never entirely the Mr. Hyde that his enemies like to imagine. By his driving force he overhauled the ramshackle, lobbyist-dominated state legislature to make it one of the nation's best. He raised members' salaries

in 1960 and was in Los Angeles' Ambassador Hotel with his friend Bobby the night he was shot. When Sirhan Sirhan was grabbed in a hotel kitchen, Unruh shouted: "Don't kill him! If the system works at all, we're going to try this one."

When Robert Kennedy was killed, Unruh says, "I nearly went crazy." Later he found that R.F.K.'s death taught him "a sense of high-risk politics." Says Unruh: "I was always a very cautious, close-to-the-vest politician. Now politics has stopped being a game with me. So much of my early trouble came because I simply didn't give a damn. When I started out, it was with the idea of changing things with idealism. Then how quickly the system picked me up and got me involved, and how long it took me to re-



PERFORMING OFFICE CALISTHENICS
Farewell to Buddha and electric-blue suits.

from \$6,000 to \$16,000 a year and provided them with research staffs that freed most of them from the influences of lobbies.

Unruh still lives with his wife and three of their five children in the \$48,000 house that he bought nine years ago in Inglewood. He was once a Civil War buff, but in the past year his reading has been chiefly political. His hobbies are largely confined to listening to western music and lying in the sun.

High Risk. There have indeed been changes in Jess Unruh. He has a quiet, almost alarming candor that is not usually expected in a politician. His coarse yet sensitive face seems to communicate a new credibility. Because he has seen much of the seedy side of politics, and has been in on so many deals and schemes, he has the poignant aura of a sinner who has seen the light.

To his friends, the changes that were already occurring became especially obvious after Robert Kennedy's assassination. He had been a J.F.K. supporter

alike that that early idealism was best. I guess I've come full circle."

To Change the System. The issues that Unruh will emphasize involve what he regards as Reagan's insularity; he asks why the Governor has not done more to cope with rising crime and rising taxes. Although he is a hard-liner against campus militants, he claims that he could communicate with the majority of faculty and students and could visit campuses, while Reagan cannot. Above all, he points out that he knows more about state government than Reagan—or nearly anyone else.

California polls show Unruh running from 8% to 13% behind Reagan. Should he lose, Unruh plans to accomplish a "change in the system" he knows so well by publishing an exposé. "I'll write," he threatens, "the damnedest book you ever read. I've been in on the deals, through the back doors. I know all about it." But, then, no one has ever doubted Jess Unruh's expertise.

LABOR

From Fruit Bowl to Salad Bowl

For Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, the recently settled grape strike was more than *La Huelga*, *The Strike*. It was *La Causa*—The Cause of economic parity and social dignity for Mexican-Americans. The Spanish-speaking field hands who harvest California's crops are, Chavez believes, his natural constituency. So Chavez declared war when growers in the Salinas Valley "salad bowl" signed an agreement, announced on July 28, stating that they had given the Western Conference of Teamsters organizing jurisdiction over some 10,000 workers.

"They're signing contracts for our members," Chavez fumed. "They can't get away with this; it's going to bring the Teamsters the biggest headache they've ever had." Chavez was right: two weeks later, the Teamsters swallowed their medicine and signed over their half of the organizing agreement with salad bowl growers to Chavez's U.F.W.O.C. The Teamsters retained jurisdictional control over processing-plant workers; Chavez gained recognition of his union domain, the workers in the fields.

A Voice for Hands. The growers had not accepted the prospect of unionization gladly, but the success of the grape strike convinced them of its inevitability. It was then that salad-bowl farmers, who produce nearly 90% of the nation's lettuce during the summer months, decided to bargain with a union of their choosing. That was, understandably, not the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. One of the valley's largest growers expressed its antipathy: "The Chavez movement is 90% religion and civil rights and 10% trade union." When the Teamsters reneged on the agreement, the farmers refused to negotiate with Chavez; and the biggest strike in the salad bowl since 1936 was called. Of 10,000 workers, 6,000 walked off of the fields. Half returned within a few days, but the strike still hurt the growers disastrously: shipments were cut in half and the wholesale price of lettuce doubled.

Over the weekend, Chavez won a contract with the biggest grower in the valley, Inter-Harvest Inc., which is connected with the giant United Fruit. Worried that a boycott of United Fruit bananas might replace the celebrated grape boycott, Inter-Harvest agreed to wages well above the Teamsters demands and gave field hands a voice in the use of pesticides and union jurisdiction over foremen. While U.F.W.O.C. leaders called the contract "a shot in the arm," the Inter-Harvest contract angered the remaining growers, some of whom were letting acres of vegetables rot. Yet the Salinas Valley vegetable growers lost the goal that the Teamsters agreement had sought: keeping the U.F.W.O.C. a one-crop union.



A Song of the Open Road, 1970

"The truckers cruise over the surface of the nation without being a part of it," John Steinbeck wrote in Travels with Charley. On the road they have their own language of flashed lights and hand signals. Their oases are the dull-colored, neon-lit truck stops that offer

chummy waitresses and hearty food, often throwing in hot showers and cheap rooms for a quick snooze. For a look at the truckers' special world, TIME Correspondent William Friedman hitched a ride with two truckers bound from Chicago to Los Angeles. His report:

FROM Ocoya, 90 miles out of Chicago, U.S. 66 slices its way southward toward St. Louis through seas of hybrid feed corn. Blackbirds wing over the blowing tassels, plucking caterpillars from among the leaves and blowing silk, oblivious to the round-the-clock rumble of the highway. In this season the land is still hot, the air humid; the prairie wind sears rather than cools, and storms roll in from the west in minutes. Along the four-lane divided highway, humming tires throw up white crushed rock from the shoulders to nick a windshield or chip paint from a fender. From the few knolls in this flat land, the highway shimmers in the heat of distant, mirage-like oil slicks.

Al Gregory, 30, piloted a cab followed by tandem 26-ft. trailers carrying 20 tons of cargo. Neither Gregory nor his partner, Chuck Graves, 42, knew what they were hauling. "Guess we could look, but we usually don't," said Gregory. He complained of a headache that could add ten hours to the 59 allotted by his company for the Los Angeles run. "I'll knock you down a whole gear," he said, "You get damn tired of pushing all the way to L.A. in ninth."

But Gregory cheered visibly each time he spotted a woman driving alone. Whenever one passed, he waved happily and gave the air-horn cable a long, hard pull. Air-conditioned, stereo-equipped cabs keep truckers cool, clean and reasonably contented. From his perch in the sleeping bunk behind the seats, Graves observed: "I know most people think of us as big, brainless, sweaty old men, but today there's a lot of drivers dressed better than most people." Some even wear neckties on the road. Drivers are no longer required to help with the chores of loading and unloading; mechanics, not drivers, make any necessary repairs to the rig en route.

In the monotonous routine of the road, a break is as welcome to the trucker as it is to any family of tourists jammed into their station wagon. Gregory shifted down and pulled into the Dixie Truckers Home at McLean, a huge truck stop even for the big roads of the Midwest. Outside the Dixie, cattle on the way to market kicked the sides of their trailers, horses neighed, hogs squealed. Dust and diesel fumes mixed with the sweet prairie air and the scent of frying bacon spewing from the kitchen exhaust fans. On U.S. 66 in Illinois, the truck stops have names like Tiny's, the 66 Terminal Café, El

Roy's, the Mill, the Fleetwood. They are the sort of place that serves Ann Page cherry pie with Sealtest ice cream heaped on plastic plates. With the pork chops or cube steak or fried chicken come piles of mashed potatoes and canned creamed corn or cut green beans. The Dixie puts out a fried-chicken dinner "with that come-back taste"; it also boasts a barbershop and two gift shops that sell 3-D tableaux of the Last Supper and diapers with "I'm a little tax deduction" printed on them. John Geske, 65, a spare and taciturn man of the plains, has run the Dixie for the past 22 years. Truckers are a big part of his business, but he thinks they are overpaid at \$18,000 to \$20,000 a year. Says Geske: "Here you have men, many without a high school education, who are making more money than the average college professor. Seems intelligence and compensation should move together."

To Al Gregory, pretty waitresses are the most important thing about a truck stop. "It means a lot to come into a place where you're recognized and know the girls," he says. It is a relief from the forced comradeship of the cab. Drivers usually work with the same partner for six months, which can make for trouble. Says Paul Hadaway, a vice president of Navajo Freight Lines: "Rifts between drivers often start over questions of hygiene in the cab and build

to criticism of driving technique. When you're in the cab with that fellow for weeks at a stretch, even the way he ties his shoes can become a major problem."

Because drivers spend so much time away from home, family problems become an occupational hazard. Truckers, says Hadaway, "are closer to their partners than their families, in many cases." Says Al Gregory: "You've got to have one hell of a woman at home in this business. You'll find more divorced guys driving trucks than anywhere else in the world."

The driver's lonely perch high above the highway gives him a special perspective; he can spot traffic patterns developing ahead more readily than the car-bounding motorist. He scorns the tourists who dart in and out of traffic. Independent trucking operators pose another hazard, for they often overload their rigs and use pep pills to stay awake on long hauls, which can make them dangerously overtaken on the road. The men driving for the big companies superstitiously shy away from rigs that they know have been rebuilt after a wreck. The road limits a man's vision of the world, but to many it becomes almost an addiction. "A trucker is a trucker," says Chuck Graves. "You've just got to like it. We like the feeling of the open country—how big it really is."



NIGHTTIME STOP AT DIXIE TRUCKERS HOME IN ILLINOIS
To many it becomes almost an addiction.

THE WORLD

A Crucial Test For Old Friends

FOR years, the Middle East crisis has centered on enmity between distrustful rivals. Last week it focused on a deep uneasiness, even a distrust, between two close and intimate allies. The dispute involved an issue that Israel deemed vital to her security: the continued buildup of Soviet missilery in the 32-mile-wide cease-fire zone on the Egyptian side of the Suez Canal. For its part, the U.S. would have preferred to overlook the missile buildup in an effort to get the peace negotiations moving under the direction of U.N. Special Representative Gunnar Jarring. The Israelis, who say that the Soviets and Egyptians have used the cease-fire to improve their military situation, refused to accept the American viewpoint.

The Israelis were deeply apprehensive that the U.S.'s search for peace in the Middle East would endanger their hard-won security. In Jerusalem last week, crowds gathered in the streets for a rally protesting U.S. inaction. "State Department errors cost Israeli blood!" cried Menahem Begin, who led his hawkish Gahal Party out of the coalition government of Premier Golda Meir over Israel's decision to begin negotiations. Senior Israeli Cabinet ministers reminded American visitors that Israel had accepted the cease-fire only after the U.S. gave its guarantee that no military buildup would be tolerated in the standstill zones on either side of the canal. The Israelis were also stung by the initial U.S. reluctance to accept the evidence of Israeli intelligence (TIME, Aug. 24). "Have we done all that we have done in the past three years, holding the canal and taking casualties, in order to be treated like half-wits?" demanded a member of Golda Meir's government.

It was Moshe Dayan, Israel's De-

fense Minister, who galvanized the government into a hard stand. Dayan, who earlier had considered resigning, boycotted a meeting of Israel's Cabinet to demonstrate his anger over the missile issue. After five days of debate, the Cabinet swung behind Dayan's view that Israel's U.N. ambassador, Yosef Tekoa, who had been recalled to Jerusalem for conferences, should not return to New York to resume meetings with Jarring until the missile question was settled. Appearing on television, Dayan praised the Cabinet's decision, thereby indicating his intention of remaining in the government. At the same time, however, he raised the specter of resumed fighting around the Suez Canal. "Israel should not be a partner to an agreement that is constantly being violated by the other side," said Dayan. "If we can reach an agreement, fine. If not and we have to continue the war, we are capable of doing so."

Rectify the Situation. Faced with Israel's determination, the U.S. finally admitted that cease-fire violations had taken place on the Egyptian side of the canal, and called upon the Egyptians and Russians to "rectify" the situation. On the basis of photos taken from the Samos satellite and U-2 planes, U.S. intelligence experts counted at least six batteries of six missiles each that had been moved into the truce zone after the cease-fire took effect. These weapons, along with twelve batteries of 72 missiles that were hastily shifted into the zone just before the truce took effect, created a threat to Israeli planes passing over the area and even flying above their own lines in Sinai.

The U.S. found itself in a quandary that reflected the complicated background of the cease-fire. In setting up the standstill, the U.S. asked for—and got—the promise of the Soviet Union



HUSSEIN INSPECTING JORDANIAN TANK

Safe again.

that it would not allow the Egyptians to engage in a military buildup along the canal. On the strength of Moscow's promise, President Nixon relayed his reassurances to Mrs. Meir. Because of other sensitive diplomatic undertakings such as the SALT talks, the U.S. at first resisted publicly challenging the Soviet Union's word.

Low-Key Warning. Meeting at San Clemente with Secretary of State Rogers, Assistant Secretary for Near Eastern Affairs Joseph J. Sisco, and CIA Director Richard Helms, President Nixon probed for the meaning behind the Egyptian missile movements since the start of the cease-fire. The additional missiles might be meant only to give the Arabs a stronger bargaining handle in their discussions with Gunnar Jarring. But the U.S. assumption is that

NEWSPHOTO

JERUSALEM DEMONSTRATORS AT GAHAL PARTY RALLY PROTESTING U.S. POLICY



the Egyptians and their Russian advisers sought to obtain under the flag of truce what they had never been able to accomplish while Israeli planes were flying overhead—an effective defense of Egyptian territory. The best way to neutralize such a defense was to make sure that fighting did not break out again. Toward that end, the San Clemente group decided on only a low-key diplomatic warning to the Soviets and Egyptians in order to let the Jarring talks continue.

Ambassador Jacob Beam in Moscow and U.S. Representative Donald C. Bergus in Cairo called at their respective foreign ministries with proof of the truce violations and a U.S. demand that the buildups stop. Egypt denied the charges. The Russians merely agreed to study the U.S. allegations. But at the same time, Russian freighters continued to arrive in Egyptian harbors. They delivered more arms for Egypt, including 203-mm. artillery, the largest conventional weapon in the Russian inventory. It would be ideally suited for bombing Israel's Bar-Lev Line on the canal's east bank.

Throne at Stake. The best hope for peace remained the fear of a new and costlier outbreak of fighting. Also, reputations and perhaps political lives were at stake. Mrs. Meir could blame the U.S. if the cease-fire failed, but at the same time she had agreed, despite strong protests from opposition leaders in the Cabinet, to go along with the truce. Arab reputations were at stake too. Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and Jordan's King Hussein provoked widespread Arab criticism last month when they accepted the cease-fire. A collapse of negotiations would represent a grievous embarrassment, particularly since the Palestinian guerrilla movement has opposed the truce from the start.

Nasser is powerful enough to survive such an embarrassment; Hussein probably is not. The Jordanian king badly needs a diplomatic success to save his throne. Last week he survived yet another assassination attempt, the second against him in the past three months. According to a palace report, he was riding in a convoy of seven Land Rovers on his way to Amman airport to meet Daughter Alia, 14, when the attackers

struck from ambush. Hussein was uninjured, but the Jordanian guerrilla responded to the attack by shelling guerrilla camps around Amman. Fedayeen leaders complained that Hussein had staged the incident as a pretext for attacking them, but foreign diplomats accepted the palace's version. In any event, the incident provoked another round of fighting in Jordan between army and guerrillas. At least 14 people were reported killed in three days of clashes.

Whether the cease-fire will survive for its full 90 days—and what happens after that—will become clearer next week. Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban plans to be in New York for the opening of the U.N. General Assembly. He will use the visit to see Jarring and state Israel's position. Mrs. Meir, who was scheduled to visit President Nixon in October, has also moved up her visit and will come to the U.S. in mid-September. If the U.S. is unable to force the Egyptians and Soviets to remove the missiles from the cease-fire zone, she at least can use the missile buildups as grounds for obtaining more war planes for Israel.

Buildup On The Suez

EVEN though the U.S. last week conceded that the Egyptians have indeed violated the cease-fire by bringing more missiles into the 32-mile-wide standstill zone, Washington did not disclose even more significant information. The U.S.'s detailed reconnaissance pictures showed that the 36 SA-2 missiles sneaked into the cease-fire zone constitute only the first line of the most massive anti-aircraft system ever created.

While Israeli Phantom fighter-bombers remain confined to the other side of the Suez Canal, the Soviets and Egyptians have installed a vast complex of radar-directed anti-aircraft missiles and artillery behind the cease-fire zone. The actual count is not known, but American officers concede that the number of missiles is "in the hundreds, but less than 1,000." There is also evidence that some of the missile batteries are already being fortified with concrete revetments, rendering them less vulnerable to bombing attacks. Furthermore, in order to confuse Israeli intelligence analysts, Soviets and Egyptians have bulldozed scores of dummy sites that can quickly be converted into active missile installations.

The Soviet-made missiles, some of which are manned by Russian crews, are deployed in scattered batteries in a 50-mile-thick belt that arches from Alexandria on the Mediterranean southward some 180 miles to the Gulf of Suez. Missile batteries have also been set up around major Egyptian airfields. In addition to the relatively old-fashioned SA-2, which was familiar to U.S. pilots over North Viet Nam and can effectively strike only planes flying above 3,500 feet, the Soviet Union has installed the new SA-3, which is designed to hit low-flying aircraft.

Pentagon experts are frankly impressed by the arsenal of Soviet missiles. "The U.S. couldn't match it," admitted one officer. "We don't have the equipment." The Israelis are worried that they might lose their most important strategic advantage: airpower. They also fear that, under the cover of Soviet missilery, the Egyptian artillery can render the Bar-Lev fortifications on the east side of the canal untenable. Then Israel would be forced to pull back her army from the east bank into Sinai and



PRACTICE SA-2 SHOT IN RUSSIA

risk a running war against Egyptian infiltrators in the wastes of the desert.

Israeli electronic specialists are currently in the U.S. to study American electronic equipment developed to foil enemy anti-aircraft attacks during the North Viet Nam bombing. The weapons include three "smart" bombs that can be launched from a safe distance. One is the Shrike, which electronically homes in on the radar units used by SAMs. Another is the Walleye, which is steered to the target by means of a television camera in its nose. The Israelis are also interested in a third system called Pave Way, which employs two planes. One plane, which flies well out of range of enemy fire, trains a laser beam on a ground objective like a spotlight. The second plane dashes in and tosses a bomb, which follows the laser to the target. These U.S. countermeasures, however, were developed in a less sophisticated time. No one knows how they will work against the more modern array of anti-aircraft missiles that the Israelis now face across the Suez Canal.

SOUTH VIET NAM Victory for the Buddhists

The Buddhists have long been the unknown factor in South Viet Nam's volatile political chemistry, especially since 1966, when they began to boycott the nation's politics. Last week they returned to political life—"to play the democracy game" as one Saigon journalist put it. They came as winners as the Buddhist slate of ten candidates emerged with the largest number of votes in last week-end's nationwide Senate elections.

The Buddhist "Lotus Blossom" candidates, who were tacitly backed by Thich Tri Quang's antigovernment An Quang Pagoda faction, narrowly edged out the progovernment "Sun" slate.

Although the voting swung more on ethnic and regional loyalties than on the issues, the Buddhist showing dented the prestige of President Nguyen Van Thieu. Thieu's main support rests on South Viet Nam's 2,000,000 Catholics, who are vastly outnumbered by the country's 15 million Buddhists and their followers. However, the outcome did support Thieu's claim that his government had conducted honest elections. The voting was largely peaceful, as 65% of the 6,600,000 eligible voters trooped to the polls. The candidates on the two top tickets, plus the members of the third-place, independent "Lily Flower" slate, will fill 30 vacancies in the 60-member Senate.

Coalition with Communists. The election results may have little immediate effect on national policy. The ten Buddhists will be a small minority in the Senate; besides, the Senate is a relatively powerless body compared with the presidency and the Thieu-controlled lower house of the National Assembly. As if that were not enough, the Buddhists are divided among themselves.

The most noticeable immediate change will probably be in the rhetoric in the Senate, which is likely to become a forum for antigovernment statements.

The long-range implications are more profound. The Buddhists favor total U.S. withdrawal and disengagement from South Viet Nam. At the same time, they hope to persuade the Communists to stop shooting and negotiate with them for the formation of a "peace"—probably meaning coalition—government that would replace the Thieu regime. Since Buddhism commands at least the nominal allegiance of the vast majority of people in South Viet Nam, the Lotus Blossom politicians feel that they could outmaneuver the Communists in a coalition government.

No Winner. The leader of the Lotus Blossom slate is Vu Van Mau, 56, a law professor who served as Ngo Dinh Diem's Foreign Minister. "Thieu would like a military victory," says Mau. "But even the U.S. has said many times that there will be no winner or loser in Viet Nam. Therefore we must win peace." After last weekend's triumph, the Buddhists may decide to run pro-peace candidates for the presidency and the lower house next year.

DISEASE Bracing for El Tor

In the Soviet Union, medical authorities have clamped tight restrictions on travel to busy southern resort cities. In Israel, health teams are making daily checks of water pipelines, wells and reservoirs and summarily closing restaurants that fall short of tough new standards of hygiene. Paris hospitals have begun rationing vaccine, and medical officers at French airports are reminding pilots of inbound airliners to report by radio any unusual gastrointestinal disorders among passengers and crews so that medical teams can meet the plane.

Soviet Seamen. Europe and Africa were bracing last week for the arrival from Asia Minor of *Vibrio cholerae*, a comma-shaped bacillus that is the cause of the first serious outbreak of cholera in several years. So far, more than 3,000 cases, including at least 100 resulting in death, have been reported in a dozen countries along an arc that stretches from Dubai on the Persian Gulf to Accra on the west coast of Africa.

The epidemic is the latest flare-up of a hardy strain of cholera known as El Tor (named for the Egyptian quarantine station where it was first identified). The strain originated more than 30 years ago in the highlands of Indonesia's Celebes Islands. In recent years the disease has spread north to the Korean peninsula and west along the Southeast Asian mainland. After passing through India, Pakistan and Afghanistan, it became a raging epidemic in Iran and Iraq by 1965. There the disease seemed to mark time

PIERRE HONOREUR

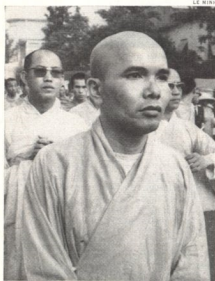


MEDICAL CHECK AT PARIS' ORLY AIRPORT
Unhappy dividend.

—at least until a month or so ago, when it resumed its westward march.

Health officials are still uncertain how the epidemic got its start. The first confirmed outbreak occurred a month ago in the Soviet port of Astrakhan on the Caspian Sea, where 352 cases have been reported. At about the same time, El Tor also cropped up in Egypt. After that, the disease spread rapidly, partly as an unhappy dividend from the Middle East conflict. Soviet sailors returning from Egyptian ports may have carried El Tor to the Soviet Black Sea ports of Odessa and Kerch, where 101 cases have been reported. More recently, the disease has cropped up in Jordan, Iraq and Syria. Israel has reported 33 cases, Lebanon 30 and Libya 28. A Togolese businessman died of cholera in Ghana last week, and medical authorities in Kenya have isolated a suspected cholera victim who arrived in Nairobi on a flight from Rome. El Tor is expected to show up in Western Europe any day now. The outbreak has not yet approached the Middle East epidemic of 1965-66, which ravaged Iran and Iraq and eventually killed some 14,000 persons.

Suppressing Sickness. Typically, the disease is contracted from food or drinking water contaminated by human excrement or vomit. After a short incubation period of often only one day, victims are seized with attacks of diarrhea so devastating that within hours they are seriously dehydrated, losing almost as much as their own body weight in fluids. In extreme cases, the kidneys and other vital organs cease to function. Even so, death results in only an estimated 15% of El Tor cases. With proper treatment, which involves administering antibiotics and large amounts of distilled water and salts, the death rate can be cut to as low as 1%. Cholera immunizations are at best



THICH TRI QUANG
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Jasper, Indiana. The town that made garbage illegal.

It seems like everyone is fed up with the garbage problem today. Everyone except the people of Jasper, Indiana. They were fed up with it twenty years ago.

Back then the Jasper city council decided that garbage collection was taking too big a bite of the city budget.

So they suspended household-garbage pickups. Made it illegal to put garbage on Jasper's streets. Rushed construction of a new sewage plant. And urged homeowners to install kitchen garbage disposers.

To get the best deal, 13 major brands were invited to compete for a contract. When all the facts were in, General Electric Disposalls® were in.

How did they work out? Ask the Jasper housewives who don't have messy, wet garbage in their kitchens

anymore. Ask the teen-agers who've never learned what it means to "take out the garbage." Or ask about flies and rodents in Jasper. A public-health survey found far fewer of these around town.

Disposalls are just one way General Electric is helping to move mountains of garbage.

GE people are working on a technique that will use bacteria to convert your garbage into high-protein food for cattle. On a plant that will use garbage as fuel to make electricity. And on a vortex incinerator for the complete combustion of refuse.

Garbage is one of the mounting problems of our environment. But General Electric people are making progress getting to the bottom of it.

Men
helping
Man

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

about 70% effective against the disease.

Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the current epidemic is the refusal of many governments to face up to the presence of the disease within their borders. By treaty, members of the Geneva-based World Health Organization are required to report even suspected cholera cases within 24 hours. Nonetheless, Teheran and Cairo continue to dismiss reports of cholera in their countries as "summer diarrhea." WHO consultants who visited Guinea last week discovered at least 2,000 cases of cholera, including 60 deaths, in and around the capital of Conakry. The country's left-leaning government, eager not to spoil Guinea's popularity among vacationers from Scandinavia and other European countries, denounced the WHO findings as "malevolent" and withdrew from the organization. It blamed the reports on its enemies, above all the "imperialists." The denials failed to impress Air Afrique or even the Soviet airline, Aeroflot. Both suspended flights to the disease-ridden capital.

CHILE

Difficult Choices

Chileans last week braced for the most important presidential election in their republic's 152-year history. Practically every wall in Santiago was painted with campaign slogans, excited crowds surged to outdoor rallies, and loudspeakers blared political pitches late into the evening. No matter which of the three candidates they cast their ballots for, Chile's 3,500,000 voters risked provoking violent repercussions.

If they elected the Communist-backed candidate, Dr. Salvador Allende, to the presidency, he might turn the country into a dictatorial Marxist state and might even cancel the 1976 elections. Moreover, his election might lead to a *coup d'état* by the frightened military. On the other hand, if the Chilean electorate voted for the rightist candidate, 74-year-old former President Jorge Alessandri, his election might precipitate terrorist retaliation from the M.I.R. (Movement of the Revolutionary Left).

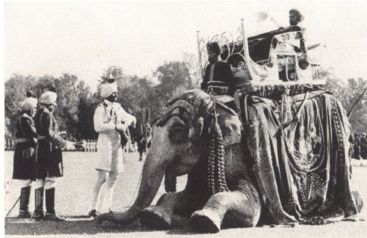
The popular retiring President, Eduardo Frei, who was forbidden by law from seeking a second consecutive term, warned that the danger of violence from the extreme left would be one of the country's biggest problems in the immediate post-election period. Cuban Premier Fidel Castro, worrying that violence would hurt Allende's chances at the polls, warned the Chilean terrorists to lay off until after the elections. But should Allende lose by a slim margin, the *Mrístas* could become extremely hard to control. Allende, who was runner-up in the 1964 presidential race, had warned that he would not allow the election to be stolen from him.

Toss-Up Forecasts. The possible consequences of either an Allende or an Alessandri victory bolstered somewhat the candidacy of Radomiro Tomic, the candidate of Frei's Christian Democratic Party. The prospect of violence was less likely in his case. The army would probably be mollified if Tomic were elected, but the leftist terrorists might start trouble.

As election day approached, the candidates made their bids for support. Seeking to counter charges of Communist extremism, Allende, who heads a Communist-Socialist coalition, tried to reassure voters that he was not a reckless radical. He even managed to get his picture in the papers posing with a nun. Nonetheless, he told a street rally flatly, "I make no secret of my admiration for the Cuban revolution." He repeated his promise to nationalize copper, nitrates, banking and communications, and vowed to dissolve the *Grupo Móvil*, the police riot squad that has been in open conflict with the leftist terrorists.

For his part, Alessandri, who is the law-and-order candidate, stressed the need for a return to security and appealed to the voters' concern about the current wave of bank robberies, assaults on army and police, wage riots and the growing danger of terrorism. Tomic, who had earlier criticized the Frei government for its failure to reduce the high rate of inflation (28% last year) and to nationalize the copper industry completely, made a final effort to identify himself with Frei by praising the record of the outgoing President.

His efforts were not successful. On election night last week, the Marxist Allende pulled into an early lead, with the conservative Alessandri running a close second and the moderate leftist Tomic an inauspicious third. The race between Allende and Alessandri was extremely close, but it appeared that Allende had emerged with a narrow popular victory. In any case, since no candidate won an absolute majority, the contest will not be settled until late next month, when the Chilean Congress will select one of the two top vote-getters—Allende or Alessandri—as the new President.



Cutting Off the Princes' Pay

WHEN India achieved independence from the British in 1947, there were 554 princely states, each ruled by a maharajah (Hindi for great ruler) or a lower-ranking rajah. While the peasants lived in abject poverty, the princes had grown rich on land taxes and the sale of mineral rights. They indulged in lavish whims—conurbines, opulent palaces, bejeweled elephants, retinues of servants, strings of polo ponies, sumptuous celebrations. The Nizam of Hyderabad, who was the richest of all with wealth estimated at \$2 billion, collected mountains of pearls. To celebrate his 39th birthday, the Gaekwad of Baroda was saluted by solid-gold cannons. Another rajah proudly toolled around in a gold-plated limousine.

Life changed drastically with India's independence. The princes were forced to surrender all but a fraction of their lands to the Indian government. In return, they were given an annual income, which ranged from as high as \$345,000 to only \$26.50 for one prince. Last year India paid nearly \$6,000,000 to 279 surviving princes.

Last week the princes lost that income too. In response to protests by leftists, Communists and young Indian politicians, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi placed her government's support behind a historic bill that would eliminate the allowances. Conservative and right-wing supporters of the princes put up a struggle. But after an eight-hour debate, the bill was carried, 339 to 154.

What've we got that they haven't got?

2 Walking Tours of Paris. \$2.95 from Pan Am.

Side one: Right Bank. From L'Etoile to Montmartre.
Side two: Left Bank. From Ile de la Cité, to the Latin Quarter, Napoleon's Tomb and the Eiffel Tower.

2 Walking Tours of London. \$2.95 from Pan Am.

Side one: "the City," financial heart of England. From the Tower of London to St. Paul's Cathedral.
Side two: London's West End, including Kensington and Chelsea, Buckingham Palace, the boutiques on King's Road and more.

Cassette Player-recorder. \$19.95 from Pan Am.

Yours at this bargain price with the purchase of any Pan Am Tour on Tape. The player includes an individual ear plug, batteries, a blank tape and mike for making your own recordings.

2 Walking Tours of Rome. \$2.95 from Pan Am.

Side one: Ancient Rome. From the Colosseum, and the Roman Forum to the Spanish Steps, and Trevi Fountain.
Side two: From St. Peter's, and the Vatican Museums to the Piazza Navona.

Car Tour of Southeast England. \$2.95 from Pan Am.

Here's an on-your-own car tour through the countryside of Sussex and Kent to Tunbridge Wells, Sissinghurst Castle, the old port city of Rye and Canterbury Cathedral.

2 Tours: Versailles/Fontainebleau. \$2.95 from Pan Am.

Side one is a walking tour of Versailles, Plus the Grand and Petit Trianons and Marie Antoinette's rustic hamlet.
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Here's your chance to see the sights and out-of-the-way places in Europe's capitals and countryside all on your own, when you want, at your own pace, with an expert guide on tape.

We've got the tapes—and the tape players. Pan Am is selling each cassette for only \$2.95. It can be played on any standard

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DOG SNIFFING OUT MARIJUANA AT MEXICAN BORDER



UNCOVERING MORPHINE BASE IN ISTANBUL

Pursuit of the Poppy

EARLY one morning at the Nicosia airport on Cyprus, an American pilot filed a routine flight plan that would take his privately owned, unmarked Martin 202 directly to either Naples or Athens. Alerted by Interpol, the Nicosia air controllers were suspicious. Trailing the plane on radar, they watched it head toward Lebanon. The plane flew so low that it eluded Beirut radar, but Lebanese police started an immediate countrywide search. Within minutes, a police patrol found the Martin 202 parked alongside a large truck on a remote airstrip in the hashish-growing area of Baalbek, near the Syrian border. As police and truck guards fought a gun battle, the plane took off amid a hail of bullets.

Lebanese jet fighters scrambled after the slow propeller-driven Martin, but it managed to escape them. Finally, after flying an erratic course over the Mediterranean, the plane was forced to make a landing to refuel at Heraklion airport in Crete. There, police at once arrested the five men aboard, including the pilot, former U.S. Air Force Lieut. Colonel John Moore, 50, and Copilot Philip Amos, 30. Crete police also seized 13 bags of hashish worth about \$4,000,000 on the American market.

Record Arrests. According to John T. Cusack, chief U.S. narcotics agent in Europe, it was the largest single haul ever made of U.S.-bound hashish. American agents had been closely on the trail of this particular drug ring for several months. In a second coup, U.S. agents two weeks ago helped to break up the largest smuggling operation on record. Acting on American-supplied information, French and Swiss agents arrested two of the ring's three members in Nice and Geneva. Since 1965 the smugglers had slipped an estimated \$500 million a year in heroin into the U.S. by secreting the white powder in washrooms of U.S.-bound jets, in banana crates, in imported autos, and sometimes in sealed cans labeled as fish. Meanwhile, in Lyon, French police arrested two American smugglers and seized the small plane in which they intended to fly drugs to the U.S. In Mexico, police gave President Gus-

tavo Diaz Ordaz some good news to take to President Nixon. When the two men sat down to talk at Coronado, Calif., last week, Diaz Ordaz could tell the President that in recent days his agents had arrested 43 smugglers, confiscated 7.2 tons of marijuana and burned four large poppy fields.

These recent successes are the result of the Nixon Administration's diligent effort to enlist other countries in the American battle against drugs. Although tightened search procedures at U.S. airports and border crossings have managed to discourage some of the would-be smugglers, Washington hopes to choke off the flow at the source. Other governments, especially those in Europe, have become more cooperative since the use of hard drugs has begun spreading among their own young people.

So far, the U.S. effort has centered mainly on Mexico and Turkey, where the poppies that are converted into morphine base grow in abundance, and on France, where gangsters in "laboratories" around Marseille refine crude morphine into heroin, which is then smuggled into the U.S. The U.S., for example, has given Mexico \$1,000,000 for the purchase of five helicopters, three light aircraft and other equipment to be used specifically to detect and catch violators. Dogs have been trained to sniff out marijuana. Since last October, the Mexican army has sought out and destroyed a total of 1,450 acres of poppy fields, and Mexican police have arrested 539 persons on drug-trafficking charges.

Toe-to-Toe Dialogue. When France's President Pompidou visited Washington last February, Nixon expressed his deep concern about the smuggling. U.S. Ambassador to France Arthur Watson continued to bring up the subject to French officials in what diplomats have called a "toe-to-toe dialogue." This diplomatic initiative in drugs was climaxed by Attorney General John Mitchell when he invited French Interior Minister Raymond Marcellin to pay him a visit in Washington in July. Marcellin was reportedly informed that unless more aggressive action were taken against dope



SEIZING HASHISH ON CRETE

smuggling, some French police reports now in the possession of the U.S. government would be leaked to the press. The reports detail the laxity of Pompidou's government in cracking down on the drug traffic in France. Marcellin has ordered a doubling of the narcotics police force to 300. So far, the increased efforts and efficiency of the French agents has led to the smashing of four major rings that smuggled drugs from France to the U.S., but it is believed that the Marseille traffic has not yet been seriously disrupted.

Turkey has received a \$3,000,000 loan from the U.S. to finance the war on narcotics. Under U.S. prodding, Prime Minister Süleyman Demirel issued a decree in June reducing the number of legal poppy-growing provinces from nine to seven by next year. He also submitted to Parliament a bill that would increase the jail term for illegal poppy growing from an insignificant six months to two years. Much of the pressure on Demirel was brought by a U.S. threat to cancel a much-needed \$40 million loan to Turkey for economic development.

In Turkey and elsewhere, however,



In 1918, Leona Currie scandalized a New Jersey beach with a bathing suit cut above her knees. And to irk the establishment even more, she smoked a cigarette. Leona Currie was promptly arrested.

Oh how Leona would smile
if she could see you today.

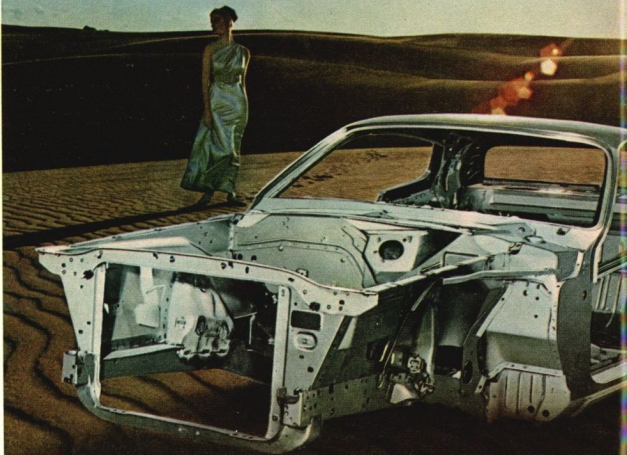


You've come a long way, baby.

Virginia Slims
The taste for today's woman.

Extra care...in engineering

When Chrysler Corporation builds



SPECIFICATIONS NOTED COVER ONLY NORTH AMERICAN-BUILT VEHICLES.

a body, its strength surrounds you.

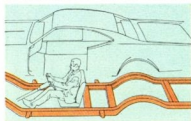
How will you choose your '71 car?

Will you really know all you'd like to know before you make your choice?

Chrysler Corporation wants you to know what's underneath the beauty of our cars; and, in this series of reports, we tell you. Take the body, for example.

Two ways to build.

Basically, there are two ways to build a car. The old way (and the way most cars are still built) is to assemble body and frame separately and bolt them together. The frame, which is underneath you is by far the stronger of the two units; so much of the strength of the car is underneath you.



The old way—separate body and frame—puts much of the strength underneath the passenger compartment.

The newer way is to combine body and frame in one, integral unit. The way jet aircraft and spacecraft are built. It is the way Chrysler Corporation builds cars.



The Chrysler Corporation way combines body and frame in a single, all-welded unit. The strength surrounds you.

Strength all around.

We call it "Unibody"—for unitized body-and-frame. It's a structure of welded box-section steel girders—in front of, behind, below and above you; its strength completely surrounds you.



Strength comes from box-section steel girders; all welded, all around.

Less noise; less rust; more performance.

Unibody is quieter, too. There is far less flexing than you'll find in a separate body and frame—more protection against opened joints, popped welds—flaws that can admit water and salt and promote rust. Also, there is less vibration—less chance for rattles and squeaks. (Keep in mind, too, that welds can't rattle; nuts and bolts can.)

And finally, even though Unibody is stronger, it weighs less than separate body and frame. So, with any given engine, you have more power per pound of car. Power to pass. Power that lets your engine loaf (and conserve gas) even at highway speeds.

More for '71.

Unibody. Torsion-Aire suspension. Chrysler Corporation power trains. Extra roominess and comfort. All these and all of our other extra-care bonuses add to the value and worth of your car, and they can be yours in any Dodge, Chrysler or Plymouth car.

Before you buy any '71, see your Dodge or Chrysler-Plymouth dealer.

DON'T MISS BOB HOPE ON NBC-TV, BASEBALL PLAYOFFS, WORLD SERIES, AND AFC FOOTBALL.



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CORPORATION**

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The most beautiful thing
about our stereo
is what you can't see.

It's one thing to enjoy the look of beautiful stereo. But the sound of beautiful stereo comes from the stuff inside.

Like our air suspension speakers with wide-angle sound that give you the full stereo effect almost anywhere in the room.

And our automatic 4-speed turntable with anti-skate control and precision tone arm for distortion-free sound.

And our solid-state amplifier with 50 watts of peak music power

that lets you hear all the music at any sound level.

And our AM/FM tuner that turns on instantly, picks up weak stations clearly, and has a "Field Effect Transistor" that eliminates unwanted signals.

Even though you can't see this stuff, it's nice to know that what you can't see is even more beautiful than what you can.

SYLVANIA
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

What you can't see.



U.S. efforts run squarely into the private-profit motive. For example, a Turkish farmer can receive as much as \$94 if he sells the harvest of an acre of poppies to smugglers. By contrast, he stands to earn only \$4.83 an acre if he grows wheat.

WEST GERMANY

Politics on Wheels

Only three weeks after Chancellor Willy Brandt and Premier Aleksei Kosygin signed the Treaty of Moscow, economic cooperation between West Germany and the Soviet Union was already on the road. West Germany's Daimler-Benz last week confirmed rumors that it is indeed negotiating with the Soviets to build what would be the world's largest truck plant on the banks of the Kama River, 560 miles east of Moscow. The West German automaker also announced that Soviet Automobile Minister Aleksandr Tarasov will go to Stuttgart later this month to discuss the project. As a spokesman for Daimler-Benz put it: "Good economic relations can be the foundation for improvement of the political situation."

Daimler-Benz, Western Europe's largest manufacturer of heavy trucks, as well as the producer of the elegant Mercedes automobiles, is trying to line up a consortium of Common Market truck makers for the Soviet project. Discussions are already under way with France's Renault. Another likely member is Italy's Fiat, which is building a huge auto plant in Stavropol, which was renamed Togliatti in honor of the late Italian Communist leader. Daimler-Benz wants help in financing the \$1.09 billion project; the Soviets will repay the loan over a long term at rates to be settled later.

More important than financing, however, is the fact that Brandt's government does not want the German company making deals alone with the Soviets. By organizing a West European consortium, Bonn wants to emphasize to the Soviets that its own economy is completely interwoven with that of the European Economic Community and thus discourage possible Soviet notions about luring West Germany into a neutralist position with economic deals. Also, by bringing in other European firms, the West Germans hope to reduce the offense to Washington, which had applied pressure on Henry Ford II to turn down a similar Soviet offer.

At present, the Soviets produce 500,000 trucks per year, but 90% of these are light models of three-ton capacity or less. They badly need a modern plant such as the Kama River facility, which would turn out 150,000 huge diesel-driven trucks annually. They could also use an infusion of Western European skills to improve the engineering of their trucks, whose tendency to break down has long been a grim joke among the Russians.

THE NETHERLANDS

Emergency Landing

The Dutch countryside was in a virtual state of siege. Highways were blocked. The Hague was guarded by helicopters, tanks, bloodhounds and 5,000 state troopers and other police. Could this have been The Netherlands, Europe's haven of democratic tolerance? "We are taking no chances," explained a mustachioed constabulary captain. "We are applying what we call a Nixon or a Kosygin risk factor."

The occasion was the arrival of Indonesia's President Suharto, the first Indonesian ruler to make a state visit to the former mother country since the islands attained independence in 1949. The special security measures reflected

to delay his trip by two days. When he finally landed at the Dutch government's Ypenburg Airport in a Garuda Indonesian Airways DC-8 jetliner, his hosts were taking no chances. Instead of walking to the waiting motorcade, the Queen led the President to a giant Sikorsky F-61 helicopter that whisked him to the royal palace, high over the heads of hundreds of Amboinese separatists and other protesters who had stationed themselves along the highway route.

Unavoidable Excesses. Everything on the official itinerary was canceled except a visit to Parliament. Socialist Deputies reproached Suharto for the elimination of an estimated 250,000 Indonesian Communists in 1966. Suharto replied that in the period of disorganization following the abortive coup,



INDONESIAN SEPARATISTS DEMONSTRATING IN THE HAGUE
Citizens of a phantom republic.

the political tensions among exiled Indonesians in The Netherlands.

Captive Embassy. Three mornings before the President's arrival, 32 Indonesian exiles, equipped with machine guns, swords and daggers, attacked the Indonesian ambassador's residence near The Hague. They killed a Dutch policeman and held the embassy for eleven hours. Queen Juliana herself offered to drop by to settle the dispute. The demonstrators, who finally surrendered to police, were Amboinese Islanders demanding independence for the South Moluccas Islands at the eastern end of the Indonesian archipelago. Some 30,000 Amboinese live in The Netherlands and imagine themselves to be citizens of a phantom South Moluccas Republic. They harbor a grudge against the Jakarta government, which for years has refused to allow the Amboinese to secede from the Indonesian Republic.

The Amboinese attack caused Suharto

the excesses had been unavoidable. He pleaded many members by expressing his "utmost interest" in association with the European Common Market, as long as the link would not jeopardize his country's policy of "active neutrality." On the South Moluccas problem, he was adamant. "Our republic is unitary," he said, "and all else is treason."

Not even the large and friendly Indonesian community in The Netherlands had a chance to glimpse their President, whose stay had been reduced from three days to exactly 24 hours. Holland's Foreign Minister Joseph Luns declared, somewhat uncomfortably: "I believe everything went well, considering." But Communist Deputy Marcus Bakker scoffed: "This was no state visit. It was an emergency landing." After a planned two-day stopover in West Germany, Suharto intended to fly on to Lusaka, Zambia, to attend this week's Conference of Nonaligned Nations.



MAURIAC LEAVING THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE AFTER 1967 MEETING WITH DE GAULLE

Mauriac: The Splendor of Sin

I have tried to make the Catholic universe of evil palpable, tangible, odorous. If theologians provided an abstract idea of the sinner, I gave him flesh and blood.

FRENCH Author François Mauriac not only supplied his characters with flesh and blood, but made the flesh ache and the blood shiver with fear as the sinner stood alope before God, smitten with a sense of guilt and remorse. In his poems and his plays, in his 23 novels and his political musings for *Le Figaro* and *L'Express*, the Nobel-prizewinning author explored the nature of human corruption perhaps more exhaustively than any other contemporary writer. When he died last week at 84, France mourned the loss not only of one of its most illustrious men of letters but also of a voice of moral assurance in an era of bitter doubt. "Mauriac," said Novelist Julien Green in a eulogy, was the latest in a line of Christian writers who have "put a great literary style quite naturally at the service of a great faith."

Landscape of Despair. Mauriac's style, as well as his faith, was shaped by the provincial Catholicism of Bordeaux, where he was born. He was bred in a particular kind of Catholicism: peculiarly French, narrowly provincial, at times almost suffocating. The influence of Jansenism, fiercely moralistic and unforgiving, was still strong. The youngest of five children, Mauriac grew up under the eye of a mother who was both domineering and dogmatically religious. He was so burdened by a sense of guilt that even his Bordeaux landscape wore the aspect of sin, as expressed in the outburst of a character in his last novel, *Maltavere*: "I cannot give up this land, this stream, the sky beneath the tops of the pine trees, those beloved giants, that scent of resin and marshland, which—am I crazy?—is the very odor of my despair."

In 1906, Mauriac carried his interior landscape to Paris, where it furnished

him with boundless material for his writing. After two years of writing poetry, he turned to novels. His first *succès d'estime*, *A Kiss for the Leper*, was a projection of his own youthful fears. The leading character, an ungainly, misshapen provincial lad, marries a girl who is physically repelled by him. Only on his death can she begin to love him. Into *The Leper* are woven the themes that run through the later books: the subtle corruption of sensuality, the deep self-loathing that accompanies love, the glimmer of salvation when all possibilities of evil are exhausted. To live, Mauriac seems to say, is to sin. Only death, with its brutal clarity, illuminates life. And that light is the one grace vouchsafed mankind.

Aroused by War. The unrelieved melancholy of his novels, which are stuffed with imagery of disease and decay, is not cheerful reading for any age. But readers were not put off; many had been brought up in the same cramped faith as Mauriac, and they had a special sympathy for the tortured characters in his books. Two of his novels, *Thérèse Desqueyroux* (1927), the story of a bored wife who tries to poison her husband, and *Knot of Vipers*, a study of an avaricious provincial family, have each sold about 1,000,000 copies. *Thérèse*, which was translated into 25 languages (including Catalan and Afrikaans), was also made into a film. On the strength of the novels, Mauriac was admitted to the Académie Française at the relatively young age of 47.

In the late 1930s, he switched from fiction to fact. The Spanish Civil War aroused his political passions; from then on, he became a fervent polemicist, first inveighing against Franco and later contributing to Resistance newspapers during the German occupation of France. After the war, he wrote a front-page column for Paris' moderately conservative daily, *Le Figaro*. His opinions ran counter to those of his readers when he opposed the French presence in both Algeria and Indochina. Mulling over the

problems of German reunification, he fashioned the famed bon mot: "I love Germany so much I want to have two of her."

Secret in St. John. Later Mauriac joined Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's left-leaning *L'Express*. But the two had a falling out over De Gaulle's return to power. Mauriac supported the general. Servan-Schreiber did not. So Mauriac went to work for *Le Figaro Littéraire* in 1961. When Jean-Paul Sartre, posturing as a revolutionist, hoped the police would arrest him, Mauriac scoffed in a column last June: "Sartre will have to resign himself to being inoffensive." For De Gaulle he had far kinder words. To Mauriac, the general seemed to embody a resistance to moral corruption that overtook lesser mortals. "De Gaulle is one man who is sure of his eternity," he wrote. De Gaulle returned the compliment by calling Mauriac the "greatest living French writer."

When Mauriac went to vote for his hero in the national referendum last year, he slipped and fractured his right arm. On top of that blow, De Gaulle lost and retired from power. "I felt an inexpressible chagrin," said Mauriac. "Two falls in one day is too much." He never recovered and entered the hospital last month. Last week, when it was obvious that he was dying, he was taken to his Paris apartment, where his wife Jeanne, their two sons and two daughters joined in the death watch. A solemn Requiem Mass was sung for him at Notre Dame Cathedral.

Mauriac provided his own eulogy in a recording he made 20 years ago to be released after his death. It reflected a lifelong preoccupation with the possibilities of grace that he had explored in his essays, if not in his other work. "I believe," he said, "as I did as a child, that life has meaning, a direction, a value; that no suffering is lost, that every tear counts, each drop of blood, that the secret of the world is to be found in St. John's '*Deus caritas est*'—'God is Love.'"

List the last 3 gifts you've given your teenagers:

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

Think back and you'll probably remember a bunch of "fun" gifts. You know—the surfboard, stereo, fiberglass ski syndrome.

Well, right now it's back-to-school time. And once again your high school or college student has to buck the toughest, most competitive schooling this country has ever devised.

Why not give a gift that can help?

For instance, a Smith-Corona® Electric Portable. Because here's what

happens once a student learns to type:

He can write at least twice as fast.

His spelling can improve. (A typed word that's misspelled stands out like a flare.)

His creative thinking is stimulated.

And a quiet little miracle called Organization usually takes place.

A Smith-Corona can make a real difference to your teenager. We know because

we've already helped quite a few. (4 out of every 5 electric portables in America are Smith-Corona.)

Stop by your local dealer and look over our five models of electric portables.

Frankly, a Smith-Corona isn't a gift that'll help a teenager have fun.

It's simply a gift that'll help.

Smith-Corona.
The gift that helps.



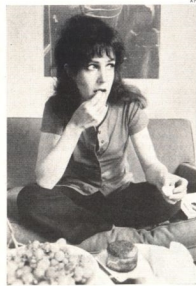
SMITH-CORONA MARCHANT
DIVISION OF KODAK CORPORATION

PEOPLE

Whither a Supreme Court judge goes, so goes his justice—even on a summer vacation. Last week two lawyers and a law clerk hiked six miles up a mountain trail in central Washington to where William O. Douglas was camping. They presented him with a petition requesting a temporary injunction against the Portland police. The iconoclastic judge told them to come back the next day, promising to leave his decision on a tree stump. Two of the petitioners, suffering from blisters and fatigue, failed to make the return trip. The third, locating the petition, found that he had indeed been stumped. Petition denied.

"I am never quite sure whether I am one of the cinema's elder statesmen or just the oldest whore on the beat," said Joseph L. Mankiewicz last week, contemplating his 41 years in Hollywood. Mankiewicz, who won Academy Awards for both screenplay and directing in two pictures—*Letter to Three Wives* (1949), and *All About Eve* (1950)—ruefully admitted that big-budget movies, à la his *Cleopatra*, which cost \$40 million, are now out. "What they would like my next four films to be," he said, "are *Easy Cowboy*, *Midnight Rider*, *Cowboy Rider* and *Easy Midnight*." Mankiewicz has apparently got the message. His latest film is a low-cost western called *There Was A Crooked Man*.

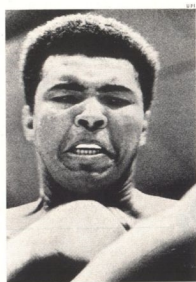
Grace Slick, throaty lead singer of the acid-rock group Jefferson Airplane, is expecting. According to the latest issue of *Rolling Stone*, her husband Jerry doesn't know anything about it because he's not the father. Guitarist Paul



GRACE SLICK
Naming it God.

Kantner, another Airplane, is. Grace admits that she is "a little worried, what with all the weird drugs we've been taking." Anyway, the happy parents-to-be have already picked a name for the child—God. *God Slick*. Due in December.

In Venice, where his new movie was shown last week, Author Norman Mailer staunchly came to the defense of *Maldstone*, which he wrote, directed and, naturally, starred in. Set in a brothel for girls, the film had been criticized by female viewers on the grounds that it exploits women. Retorted the former candidate for mayor of New York: "Exploitation of woman? But it is impossible to exploit her because she has magic powers. I am against the emancipation of women just because I respect them."



CASSIUS CLAY
Making it back.

The bard of the boxing world, Cassius Clay, otherwise known as Muhammad Ali, last week made it back into the ring, although still barred from professional competition for evading the draft. The former world heavyweight champion won all three of his short exhibition bouts in Atlanta, but three years of battling the courts had obviously taken its toll. The speed of his punches and his Ali-shuffle were somewhat slowed, as was his tongue. Admitted the usually loquacious Clay afterward: "I'm not in shape."

Jane Fonda, champion of the oppressed, last week came to the defense of another minority group. In Manhattan to film *Klute*, in which she plays a call girl, Jane accompanied an authentic prostitute to pick-up bars to observe the action firsthand. She quickly de-



JANE FONDA
Saying out front.

veloped empathy for women who work the streets. "They are the inevitable product of a society that places ultimate importance on money, possessions and competition," said Jane. "These ladies are saying out front, 'We want the goods too; so we'll do what other women do, but we'll get paid for it.'"

He didn't lift a bat on behalf of his old teammates, but the standing ovation he got from 20,980 fans at Yankee Stadium made it clear that they were delighted to have him back anyway. Wearing his old No. 7 uniform, Mickey Mantle last week began his new career as batting, outfield (and sometimes first-base) coach with the team he helped lead to twelve pennants in 18 years. What brought the 38-year-old Oklahoman—now a restaurant and clothing-chain executive—back into the pin-stripes? Mantle simply missed baseball. "If I could still play," he sighed, "I'd be out there making \$100,000."

"No, I never see Princess Margaret," said the former R.A.F. fighter pilot, "just like I think a lot of people never see their old girl friends, you know." Retired Group Captain Peter Townsend, now married and living outside Paris, was in London to promote *Duel of Eagles*, his newly published book about the Battle of Britain. But he spent most of his time fielding questions about his old romance with Margaret, which flourished although he was a divorcé until the Princess—under pressure from the Church of England—announced in 1955 that she would not marry him. What would he do if he met her by chance during his visit? "I'd just say hello, like anybody else. What would you do?"

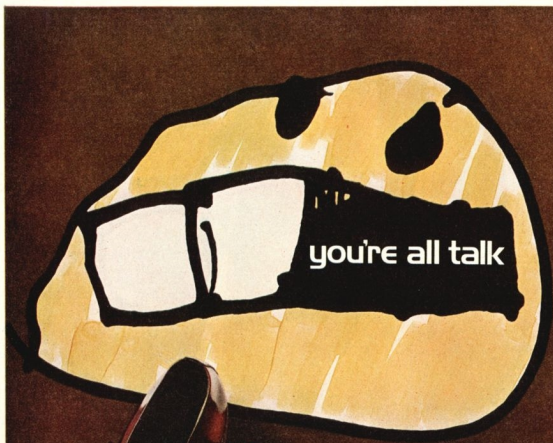


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FLORSHEIM

EDUCATION

Desegregation: The South's Tense Truce

G OVERNORS and mayors barring the schoolhouse door, hostile police, screaming and sometimes violent white mobs, ingenious legal barriers—these have been the autumnal rites in the South since the Supreme Court declared school segregation unconstitutional in 1954. No more. This fall some of the South's most recalcitrant school districts have ceased resistance to the legal requirement that racially separate educational systems be abolished.

With some tension but remarkably little disorder, through last week at least, the South took its biggest step yet toward total desegregation. This term, another 900 of the Old Confederacy's 2,697 school districts are bowing to the inevitable. Now 94% of the region's school systems can be officially classified as desegregated. Nonetheless, because of residential patterns and other factors, perhaps half of the 3,100,000 black pupils in the eleven states will continue to attend schools that are either all black or predominantly so. As the experience in Northern cities has shown, legal desegregation does not necessarily result in integration, the actual mixing of races in schools. The next battle will be over how much—if anything—a community is required to do to assure racial balance in individual schools and classrooms. Here the South is making yet another stand.

Gubernatorial Escort. The fact that this fall's changes leave some issues unresolved does not diminish the milestone quality of 1970. Worn down by 16 years of legal and political maneuvering, many white Southerners are now prepared to compromise and try integrated education. Basic attitudes toward blacks may have changed little, but pragmatic considerations are overshadowing them. Thus the few Southern leaders who continue to rant racism get less of a hearing than before. Georgia Governor Lester Maddox, for example, denounced the "Gestapo" from Washington and urged parents to ignore their children's transfers to desegregated schools. He got some followers in Stockbridge, but authorities there insisted that the children attend their assigned schools. Attempted white boycotts in Augusta, Ga., and Richmond, Va., failed.

Most Southerners seemed relieved that the strife was over. In Richmond, where 13,000 of the city's 50,000 pupils are bused to school, Republican Governor Linwood Holton set an example of calm compliance. He personally escorted Daughter Tayloe, 13, to her ninth-grade classroom in the newly integrated John F. Kennedy High School. "It's always hard for a child to change schools," said Holton, whose two other children also attend biracial schools. "But my children go where they are assigned."

So did a great many others. In Greenville, Miss., where attitudes tend to be more extreme than in the upper South, most of the city's 10,124 students moved quietly into schools that had been desegregated through a pairing plan drawn up by a local biracial commission. At Macon, Ga., all but 2,000 of the system's 33,000 children showed up for the opening of classes in once segregated schools. And in Houston, blacks and whites went to school together—while Mexican Americans, who represented being classified as white instead of "brown," stayed out in protest.

Throughout the South, federal of-

statement issued from San Clemente, he praised local communities for making the transition a smooth one and commended the nation's news media for their "constructive reporting" of the historic change.

The results of last week's desegregation varied widely from community to community. In districts where they constitute the majority, whites tended to remain in the schools—and in control. Columbia, Miss., a rural community of 7,500 where whites outnumber blacks three to one, completely integrated its 2,200-member student body by the simple expedient of assigning all children in the same grade to the same school. Other districts were more cautious. Schools in Mississippi's Rankin County desegregated their buildings but not their classrooms. Authorities in Lamar County, Ga., yielded to the sexual fears of white



INTEGRATED CLASS IN NASHVILLE, TENN.

Still another battle to be fought.

ficials were conspicuous by their absence. The Justice Department, responding to President Nixon's orders and the South's resentment of outsiders, kept most of its lawyers in Washington. The rest of the Administration lowered its silhouette accordingly, as if to make the unpleasant process of desegregation as palatable as possible. White House aides said that the Government will crack down on individual abuses, but that it would have been unwise to provoke white animosity with large numbers of federal observers. The Government has kept its word. When white parents in Talladega County, Ala., defied a desegregation plan and occupied local classrooms to keep their children in a white school, the Justice Department promptly brought suit to end the takeover.

Meanwhile, the President expressed cautious satisfaction with the peaceful process of desegregation so far. In a

parents; blacks and whites are together, but boys and girls are now segregated.

White Exodus. In districts where blacks are in the majority, the situation is different. Unhappy about their minority status, many whites are abandoning the public schools to the blacks, who thus find themselves resegregated in formerly white schools. The white exodus could spell disaster for the public schools; whites who control the state legislatures are unlikely to vote appropriations for schools no longer attended by their constituents' children. Further, the white flight is likely to continue. Past experience has shown that once black enrollment passes about 35%, the racial balance shifts rapidly, with the result that all whites leave the school. Four years ago, there were 500 whites in the Hollandale, Miss., public school system. Last year there were 155, and now the system is all black.

Many of the whites who have fled

the public schools have found refuge in the South's growing network of private "segregation academies." More than 450 private schools have been established in the region. Some are broke; others have substantial financial backing. The Citizens Council School Foundation, which last fall had 500 white students in three schools, now accommodates 5,000 children in 188 classrooms in 94 buildings.

A consortium of Mississippi banks, two of them led by members of a presidential advisory committee on school desegregation, has loaned the Citizens Council \$600,000 to operate schools in the Jackson area. Even the Federal Government seems to be cooperating. The Internal Revenue Service has granted tax-exempt status to any school that declares an open-admissions policy. IRS accepts such declarations on trust. Only eleven schools, all of which have been refused to sign such meaningless statements, have been denied the tax preference.

Few of the academies are having trouble finding students. Nearly 400 youngsters are enrolled at Greenville's Washington County Day-School, a new private facility scheduled to open next week. Many parents register their children as a hedge against possible trouble in the town's public schools. "A lot of people have told me they intend to come register at the public schools until they see how things go," explained Greenville Superintendent William B. ("Bert") Thompson. "If they see the situation is all right and the discipline good, they'll forfeit the fee to the academy. It's like insurance."

Club Klan. Few of the segregation academies charge less than \$40 a month tuition, and only a handful of blue-collar whites can afford such fees. As a result they feel that they are being deserted by their wealthier neighbors. Greenville Lawyer J. Wesley Watkins III believes that their resentment is justified. "The poor white people have been listening to the leadership all these years, and were told to cool it," he says. "Now the 'country-club-klan,' as we call them, have pulled out on the poor whites and run for the private schools."

The elimination of dual school systems has reduced the number of teaching and supervisory positions, costing many black educators their jobs or senior status. Columbia and Madison County, Miss., summarily fired 24 black teachers at the end of the last school year; Greenville reshuffled 21 athletic coaches when it desegregated its system. One black teacher in Pearl, Miss., who is trained in English and Spanish has been assigned to teach home economics in a newly unified system. Un-

equipped for the job, she expects to be fired for incompetence.

Some black students are equally unhappy, considering desegregation as it now operates a threat to their identity. In some cases, it is. Pairing—in which one school houses lower grades and the second school handles senior classes—usually results in the absorption of the black schools by the white, eliminating not only the black institutions but their records of athletic and scholastic achievement. Some blacks fear studying under white teachers. "They grade differently," says Tanya Puckett, a Nashville, Tenn., senior. "Negro teachers will skip over a chapter and not hold you responsible for it. With white teachers, if you miss a test, that's it. I'm afraid I might not graduate." Whites

DAVE GREENWOOD—THE NEW YORK TIMES



BLACK & WHITE STUDENTS IN COLUMBIA, S.C.
Compliance with the inevitable.

taking over a previously black school in Thibodaux, La., promptly painted over murals that showed Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver. And whites continue to treat blacks with condescension. Greenville School Superintendent Thompson says desegregation will work only if the blacks "keep their mouths shut and don't get pushy." Otherwise, says Thompson, he will "inherit an empty shell."

Some black teachers have also been harassed by those white students who seem determined not to adjust to the new situation. Parents in Mississippi's Washington County have sent their children into class with portable tape recorders to gather evidence against black teachers they consider incompetent. White students in Greer, a suburb of Greenville, S.C., openly mimic the accent of a black English teacher.

What both blacks and whites object to most is busing. Black parents re-

sent the fact that it is usually their children, not whites, who are bused to achieve integration. White parents whose children have long been bused to avoid integration now object to their being bused to mixed schools. Those whose children now attend neighborhood schools resent their being transported farther from home to help balance schools racially.

Most major cities in the South—and in the North, for that matter—have adamantly refused to adopt the massive school busing plans necessary to compensate for residential segregation. Few are likely to do so voluntarily. Nashville has won a lower-court reprieve from a busing program pending a Supreme Court decision on its constitutionality. Schools in Charlotte and Mecklenburg County, N.C., were denied a similar stay by Chief Justice Warren Burger. They will open this week, ten days late, under a plan requiring two-way busing—and under protest.

Political Fallout. Such confusion is understandable. Although it has outlawed *de jure*, or officially sanctioned segregation, the Supreme Court has thus far declined to rule on *de facto* segregation resulting from housing patterns. The high court has failed to set rules defining exactly what a school system must do about producing integration. The Nixon Administration's policy is to go only as far as the court leads. This fall may produce new directions. The court last week agreed to hear half a dozen cases, including Charlotte-Mecklenburg, at the beginning of the October term. Among the matters to be considered are the extent to which the courts can order busing, the constitutionality of state anti-busing statutes and the degree of governmental responsibility to promote school integration.

The implications of the court's decision will be important to both the South and the North. Court support for integration would force the North to take action to eliminate the *de facto* segregation that prevails in such cities as Boston, New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. It would also eliminate the excuse for further delay in the cities of the South. The political fallout from such a decision could be devastating if it comes before the November election. Convinced that local officials have betrayed them by enforcing court-ordered desegregation plans, Southern voters are already in the mood to turn out whoever happens to be in. Court decisions in favor of busing or integration are likely to enrage them further. The first victims of their anger will be local liberals and moderates who have carried out the desegregation plans. Republicans running for Congress may suffer too. Encouraged by his go-slow policy on integration, many white Southerners looked to Nixon to deflect still longer the devil of desegregation. Now they feel that he has gone back on his promise to treat the South like the rest of the country.

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The Magnetic Dwarf in Draco

Stars, like living organisms, have distinct life cycles. They are born, achieve maturity and then die—often in spectacular fashion. Death inevitably comes when a star has finally exhausted its nuclear fuel. As the stellar fires go out, the cooling gases begin to rush inward, falling toward the star's center under the force of its enormous gravity. For one class of stars, each about the mass of the sun, the end product of this gravitational collapse is a small, glowing cinder called a "white dwarf." Not much larger than the earth, it is so densely compressed that a cubic inch of its matter would weigh 1,000 tons or more on a terrestrial scale.

Scientists believe that some white dwarfs contain huge amounts of magnetic energy. They reason that if the original star had even a weak magnetic field, that field would be so squeezed during the collapse that its strength would rise enormously—just as the air pressure in a balloon increases if it is squeezed into a smaller volume. Trouble is, no one has ever been able to detect any significant magnetism in the 200 or so known white dwarfs. This failure has led to a great deal of uncertainty about widely held theories of stellar evolution.

Now, in a highly dramatic way, two University of Oregon scientists have helped dispel some of the doubts. Physicist-Astronomer James C. Kemp and a collaborating graduate student, J.B. Swedlund, have discovered that a white dwarf in the constellation Draco has an extraordinarily strong magnetic field—at least 20 million times more intense than the earth's and easily the strongest ever measured by man.

Swinging in a Circle. Why had astronomers previously failed to discover this giant celestial magnet? For one thing, magnetic stars are relatively rare. More important, even the closest stars are so distant that their magnetic fields can be detected only indirectly. In stars of normal density, this measurement is easy enough: magnetism alters the frequencies of starlight. Its effects can be seen on the star's spectrum as an odd splitting of spectral lines. But in the spectrum of an extremely dense white dwarf, the splitting is all but obscured. Reason: the white dwarf's tightly packed atoms collide so often that the frequencies of their emitted light overlap and blur the spectrum.

Looking for another way to detect the field, Kemp reasoned that magnetism should also influence the polarization, or the direction of the vibrations, of a white dwarf's light. Thus, he suggested, the light should not only vibrate in the ordinary linear way, but also exhibit circular polarization—much like a string that is simultaneously swinging in a circle and moving up and down.

Late last summer Kemp tested his the-



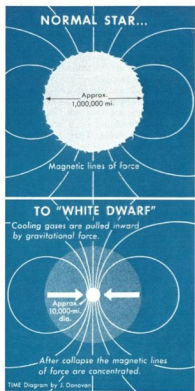
PHYSICIST KEMP & SON GARY
Odd split in the spectrum.

ory at the University of Oregon's new 6,300-ft.-high Pine Mountain Observatory at the edge of the Cascade mountains. Using the observatory's 24-in. reflector and a new instrument that can measure circular polarization, he studied several white dwarfs but failed to detect any significant magnetic radiation. Then, one cloudy night last June, Kemp let his son Gary, 9, set the telescope's cross hairs on the Draco white dwarf. It was a fortunate decision.

When they analyzed the resulting

readings, Kemp and Swedlund could scarcely believe their eyes. The figures indicated that the strength of the white dwarf's magnetic field was somewhere between 10 million and 30 million gauss (v. only about one-half gauss for the earth's and 100,000 gauss for the strongest fields detected around ordinary stars). Indeed, if a spaceship ever came within 1,000,000 miles of the star, it would be hopelessly stalled by its magnetic field. Still unconvinced, Kemp and Swedlund considered other factors—stray molecules in interstellar space, for example—that might have distorted the dwarf's light. But repeated observations produced the same results. Finally, Columbia University Astronomers Roger Angel and John Landstreet, told of the strange readings atop Pine Mountain, quickly verified them with more powerful telescopes and slightly different techniques at Arizona's Kitt Peak National Observatory.

There are implications of the discovery that go beyond the white-dwarf theory. Since the discovery of pulsars three years ago, most astronomers have come to agree that the strange signal-emitting objects are in fact neutron stars—dying stars that according to theory have collapsed with such force that all that remains is a ball of neutrons as small as ten miles across. With the help of Kemp's new technique for detecting distant magnetism, astronomers may now be able to substantiate their pulsar theories. If pulsars are indeed neutron stars—objects even more dense than white dwarfs—they should be even more powerful celestial magnets.



Waning Moon Program

At the height of the space race, NASA ambitiously scheduled ten lunar landings, planning to send Americans to the moon every four months or so until the end of 1972. As public interest in the moon program faded and Congress chopped away at NASA's budget, however, the space agency began having second thoughts. Earlier this year, it canceled the last of the scheduled missions, Apollo 20, and spaced out the remaining landings to twice a year. Last week, the space agency reluctantly scrubbed two more missions—Apollo 15 and Apollo 19—leaving only four more scheduled flights to the moon.

The cancellations bitterly disappointed NASA's 49 highly trained active astronauts, 35 of whom are still waiting for a flight. The cutbacks are also a severe blow to lunar scientists, who have only begun to tackle some of the questions raised by the findings of the successful Apollo 11 and Apollo 12 missions. Perhaps the only consolation for NASA is that the money saved from the two canceled shots (at least \$350 million) may be applied to its Skylab program, which, beginning in late 1972, will place a crew of three into earth orbit for 28 days to determine man's ability to survive and work in space for long periods of time.

THE THEATER



McCOWEN IN "THE PHILANTHROPIST"

MICHAEL BRYANT

The Player's the Thing

"The strongest fascination at a theater," wrote Bernard Shaw of the 1894 London season, "is the fascination of the actor or actress, not of the author." That is still true today. An avid London public, augmented by swarms of tourists, is currently supporting 35 theaters in the West End alone, and in most cases, the player, not the play, is the thing. Considering the high caliber of English acting, this may not be so bad. But, as Shaw also pointed out, it does tend to shortchange the drama in favor of the theater.

In only two offerings of the current London theater do script and staging mesh at a truly first-rate level: Ingmar Bergman's production of *Hedda Gabler* and Jonathan Miller's of *The Merchant of Venice*, both for the National Theater. Yet even these are star vehicles, *Hedda* for Maggie Smith, and *Merchant* for Laurence Olivier as Shylock (at least until recently when a thrombosis forced him off the stage for three months). In most of London's other notable productions, playwrights and directors more or less suffer stellar eclipses.

Living Textbooks. What is locally being called the John Gielgud-Ralph Richardson play is not, of course, written by those two distinguished performers. It is simply a play in which they so dominate that contributions by other hands are hopelessly swamped. It is *Home*, a wry, rather thin portrayal of a group of crotchety elders in what turns out to be a mental institution, written by David Storey (whose other current London play, *The Contractor*, gives emphatic proof that his gifts are not always going to be swamped). As two inmates in the twilight of sanity and senility, Gielgud and Richardson are living textbooks of stagecraft, distilling decades of experience into the flourish of a cane, the fumbling of a card trick, the crack of a voice. Their reading of a passage like the following raises tiny lyrical fragments to a level of Mozartean serenity.

Richardson: Shouldn't wonder he's disappointed.

Gielgud: Oh, yes.

Richardson: Heartbreak.

Gielgud: Oh, yes.

Richardson: Same mistake . . . won't make it twice.

Gielgud: Oh, no.

The Philanthropist, produced by the English Stage Company at the Royal Court Theater, opens literally with a bang. A young playwright blows his brains out in the lodgings of a philologist. Then it settles down into a satirical, searching account of the philologist's quest for some spiritual anagram for happiness. Such ups and downs occur throughout the play. The ups are sufficiently impressive that it is hard to believe that the author, Christopher

Hampton, is only 24. Yet it remains for a leading actor, Alec McCowen, to lift the production as a whole onto a plane of compelling theater.

McCowen's philanthropist is a companion to Molière's misanthrope. Just as his philology leads him to like all words, regardless of meaning, his philanthropy leads him to like all people, regardless of individuality. In McCowen's characterization, the eager grin fades into a rictus of terror that others may not like him; the mildness is a mask for inadequacy. He is so nice that it hurts—himself and everyone around him.

Triumphant Return. Gielgud, Richardson, McCowen—these are the cream of England's classical stage. What about something for the groundlings? Diana Dors, the British cinema's answer to Marilyn Monroe in the '50s, is just the thing. Now 38, beaming broadly and broad of beam, she is triumphantly back as a slangy slattern in Donald Howarth's *Three Months Gone*. Miss Dors reveals almost the only thing she didn't reveal in her old films: talent. Zestfully vulgar without being camp, she turns out to have the kind of canny comic timing that cannot be learned at the Royal Academy. With all respect for her accomplished co-star, Jill Bennett, Dors' performance is the best reason for seeing this diffuse fantasy-comedy.

Sometimes, alas, even superior acting is not enough. Despite strong portrayals by the Royal Shakespeare Company's Peggy Ashcroft and Emrys James, German Novelist Günter Grass's *The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising* falls as flat as the uprising it describes. Set during the 1953 workers' revolt in East Berlin, it shows a theater troupe rehearsing Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* under the direction of an aging radical writer who may or may not be Bertolt Brecht. When the revolt erupts in the streets, the writer hesitates over which drama is more real, and as a result ends up bitterly playing a role dictated by the state. It is a challenging idea for a play, but it probably would take another *Coriolanus* to live up to it. Grass's action dissolves in implausibilities, and his dialogue stiffens all too often into rhetoric. His is a problem play that is almost all problem and very little play.

Nevertheless, even a misfire like *The Plebeians* can serve as a reminder of what is largely missing from the London stage nowadays. After all, the play touches fundamental issues. Its opening scenes crackle with intellectual energy. Its rehearsal framework and plays-within-plays probe fresh possibilities of form. More productions will have to take on its spirit if Britain's playwrights and directors are to regain their equity in theater's traditional triumvirate. Meantime, like old troupers who can go out and mesmerize the house while some lapse is dealt with backstage, the stars blaze on.

■ Christopher Porterfield



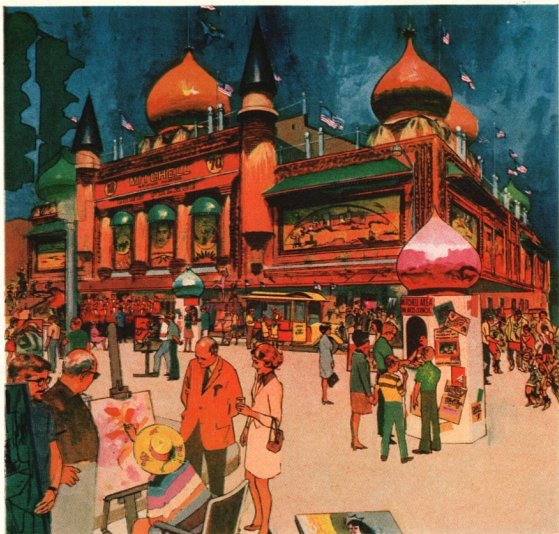
RICHARDSON & GIELGUD IN "HOME"

SHIRLEY WOOD



DORS IN "THREE MONTHS GONE"

JOHN HARRIS



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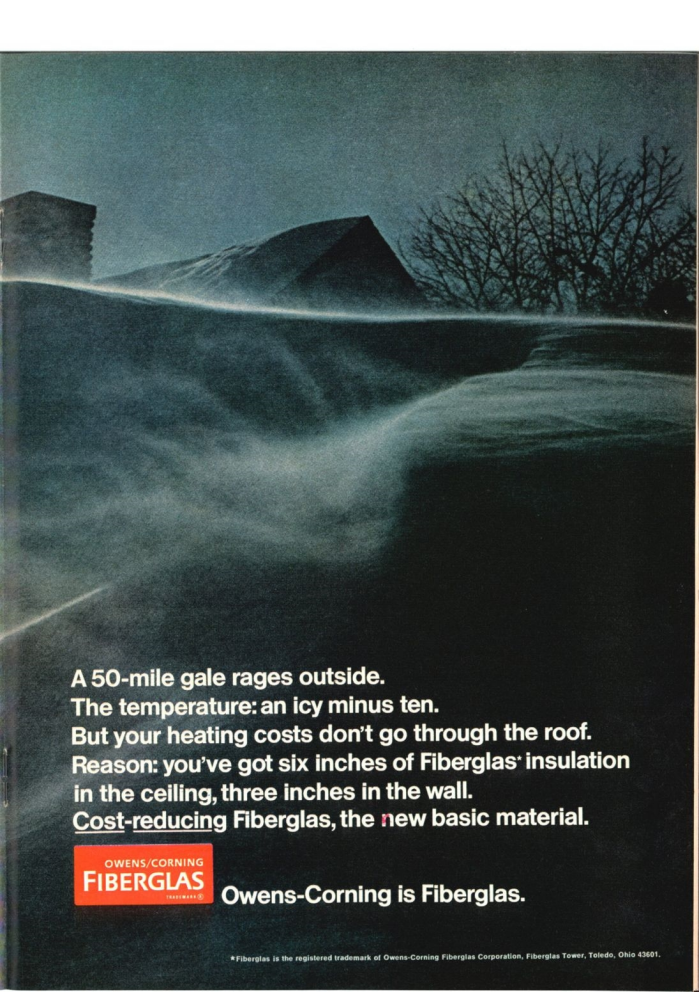
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ENVIRONMENT

Animal Polluters

Industry and the habits of urban man dominate the attention of environmentalists, but these familiar targets have rustic, yet serious, competition. The nation's 50 million pigs, 38 million cattle and 350 million chickens threaten other forms of life with vast quantities of bodily wastes. Livestock produce two billion tons of manure in the U.S. each year. In some states the situation has become so alarming that farmers, cattlemen and scientists are frantically searching for a way to clean up the landscape.

The problem is space. Just 15 years ago, the average steer in the U.S. had about 86,000 sq. ft. of open range to roam in. The land could absorb excretion; natural processes converted it to fertilizer. Today the steer is likely to be crowded into outdoor feed lots with only 200 sq. ft. of living space. Feed lots, where livestock is scientifically bred and fattened for slaughter, were rare in the early 1950s. Now there are 256,000 for cattle alone, and a single facility containing 50,000 head is not uncommon. Since these feed lots are concentrated near cities, transporting manure for fertilizer to rural areas is not economical.

Dying Waters. Because most feed lots are situated near lakes, rivers or streams so that livestock can be watered, rain can cause heavy manure runoffs that in turn pollute the water supply. Waste materials equivalent to those produced by 100 million people, for example, have been measured in the Missouri River between Omaha and Kansas City. Such enormous manure runoffs produce disease-carrying bacteria and have so increased the nitrate and phosphate levels in some waterways that algae proliferate, choking off other forms of life. Toxic elements in manure are believed responsible for kill-

ing 1,500,000 game fish in nine states in 1968.

The problem of animal waste disposal, of course, is not confined to cattle. Dogs do their part in dirtying cities (TIME, July 20), and pigs and chickens add to the problem in the country. Pigs are still bred on some 1,000,000 farms, and more than 80 million are sold each year. Broiler production soared from 630 million birds in 1950 to about 2.6 billion in 1967. Confined live cattle, pigs and chickens produce mountains of wastes.

Solutions to the problem are only beginning to emerge now that some obvious possibilities have proved impractical. Transporting manure from feed lots to burial pits or storage bins is expensive and difficult. Burning it only increases air pollution and drying it takes up too much space. A more promising approach is to reduce each animal's excretion. Farmland Industries of Kansas City, Mo., has developed grain-sized plastic tabs that, once eaten by a cow, lodge in one of its stomachs, the rumen. There they take the place of roughage, reducing the animal's need for hay. Such cattle subsequently produce up to 40% less manure than those fed conventionally. Another scheme calls for injecting manure with special bacteria to hasten decomposition.

Manure has been used as a fertilizer for centuries. It is currently out of favor, however, because chemicals are cheaper and more easily transportable. Researchers now claim to have found a way to restore manure to its previous use. In Guymon, Okla., the excrement of 36,000 cattle is collected in settling ponds, and the suspended effluents are piped underground to a 320-acre plot about a mile away. The enriched fertilizer is absorbed into the ground. Other scientists have suggested recycling chick-

en manure, which has a high nutritional value, drying it and feeding it to chickens and cattle. In one pilot study, sheep and steers took readily to a combination of cattle manure and hay.

For a cattleman with adequate financial resources, such schemes may be workable. Bert A. Getz, a Chicago farmer-businessman, has built a modern indoor feed lot in Marengo, Ill., that is both economical to operate and sparing of the environment. As many as 600 cattle are fed from a conveyor belt in a \$125,000 barn. The floor is made of wood slats, spaced so that manure and urine fall into vats beneath. Twice a year the solution is collected and pumped out of the barn to fertilize 250 acres of land.

Getz's operation is a worthy model, but such methods are uneconomical for feed-lot operators with very large herds. Until a system is worked out whereby the cost of waste treatment is subsidized by the Government or passed on to the consumer, animal pollution will remain a difficult environmental problem.

Lead in the Air

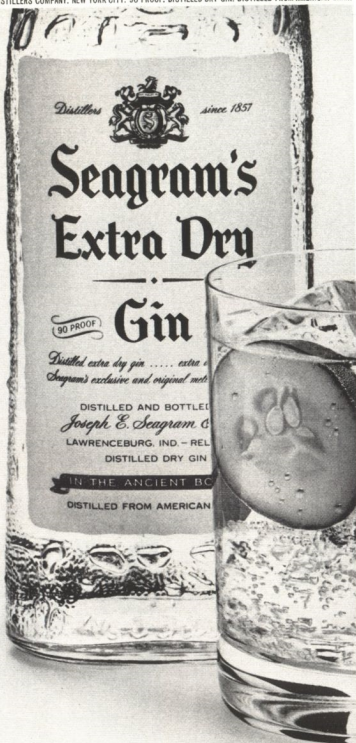
True or false: lead-free gasoline is the best thing to come down the freeway since the V-8 engine. True, according to the oil companies that recently switched to unleaded or low-lead fuels and are promoting them as an antipollution measure. False, from the viewpoint of the Ethyl Corp., the nation's largest producer of lead additives for gasoline.

Shell, Esso, Chevron and Amoco make ambitious claims. Esso's Big Plus is touted as "the lowest-lead, highest-octane gasoline for the money," and Chevron boasts that its F-310 fuel will "reduce fuel consumption, improve performance and cut maintenance." Ethyl Corp., which pioneered the use of lead compound additives for autos in 1923



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Cucumber. This week's perfect gin and tonic secret.

Add a slice of cucumber. And use the perfect martini gin, Seagram's Extra Dry.

and saw its stock jump in the 1950s when Detroit moved to high-compression engines, contends that by taking the lead out of gasoline, oil companies will actually increase other forms of noxious automobile emissions.

Octane Loss. Specifically, charges Lawrence Blanchard Jr., Ethyl's executive vice president, nonlead gasolines will have to use larger amounts of the more combustible gasoline components called aromatics, which compensate for the loss of octane that results from the removal of lead. Without them, high-performance engines as presently designed would lose power and produce knocking. But, argues Blanchard, the burning of the aromatics emits toxic benzene and other chemicals, which react with sunlight to produce heavy smog.

While not disputing Blanchard's claims, critics argue that lead from car exhausts is indeed a serious problem. Dr. Henry A. Schroeder of Dartmouth Medical School last week cited lead and other heavy metals among the major killers in the rogues' gallery of polluting agents. Blanchard's retort is that the amount of lead absorbed by the body is only the equivalent of "one BB shot of lead inhaled by one man over a period of 70 years."

Despite Blanchard's BB-shot analogy, the fact remains that minute amounts of auto-exhaust lead, when added to the lead taken into the body from other sources, can cause serious injury and even death. Industrial wastes add lead to drinking water and children sometimes eat leaded paint peelings. Concentrations of only .8 parts per million can cause illness. Children are especially susceptible to lead poisoning because their toxicity level is only .6 p.p.m. Thus far, concentrations of .25 p.p.m. have been found in some residents of vehicle-clogged cities, where airborne lead is thickest. In New York City, a campaign is under way to reduce lead levels in the air by having cabs and city-owned cars switch to unleaded fuel.

Detroit Move. The presence of lead in gasoline poses still another hazard: the metal's residue clogs the antipollution devices that the automobile industry has developed for its next generation of cars. Hence Detroit favors lead removal as a means of meeting federal emission standards that are to take effect in the fall of 1974.

This approach still leaves the problems of octane loss and the new types of pollution that may be caused by lead substitutes. Organic Chemist Fausto Ramirez of the State University of New York at Stony Brook argues that they can be solved. The trick is to lower the compression ratio—the degree to which the mixture of oxygen and fuel is compressed within the engine cylinders. Lower compression reduces octane requirement, and emissions from the substitute additives can thus be kept within tolerable limits. Beginning with its 1971 models, Detroit is moving toward engines with lower compression ratios.

The Toyota Corona was ahead of its time. It led the new wave—economy cars that offer more than just a bare set of wheels. We intend to keep it ahead.

So, we've improved it. Quite a bit.

First, we gave it twenty percent more horsepower. For greater acceleration and speed. We did this with an overhead cam engine that still gets up to 25 miles to the gallon. It's not only more powerful (108 hp), it lasts longer. Because of fewer moving parts.

Also, a lot of aluminum is used in our new engine—where it

makes sense. To lighten the car and to dissipate heat faster (which also reduces wear).

It has a five bearing crankshaft, instead of the previous three. And dual exhaust manifolds, instead of one.

Then we gave the Corona a power braking system with front discs. For greater stopping power.

And a newly engineered suspension system, front and back, for a smoother ride. And also to deaden sound.

Inside, the seats come two ways. Buckets with the 4-on-the-floor stick shift. And with the column-mounted, 3-speed automatic, you get a full bench seat.

There's more leg room, more hip room and a bigger trunk.

The four doors are still there. So is the flo-thru ventilation, the nylon carpeting, the tinted glass, the courtesy lights, the whitewall tires and the locking glove box. All standard equipment.

And the options are the same. Factory air conditioning, AM/FM radio, stereo tape deck and automatic transmission.

What all this adds up to is the new Toyota Corona.


For drivers who are in love with the best.

Until it's improved.

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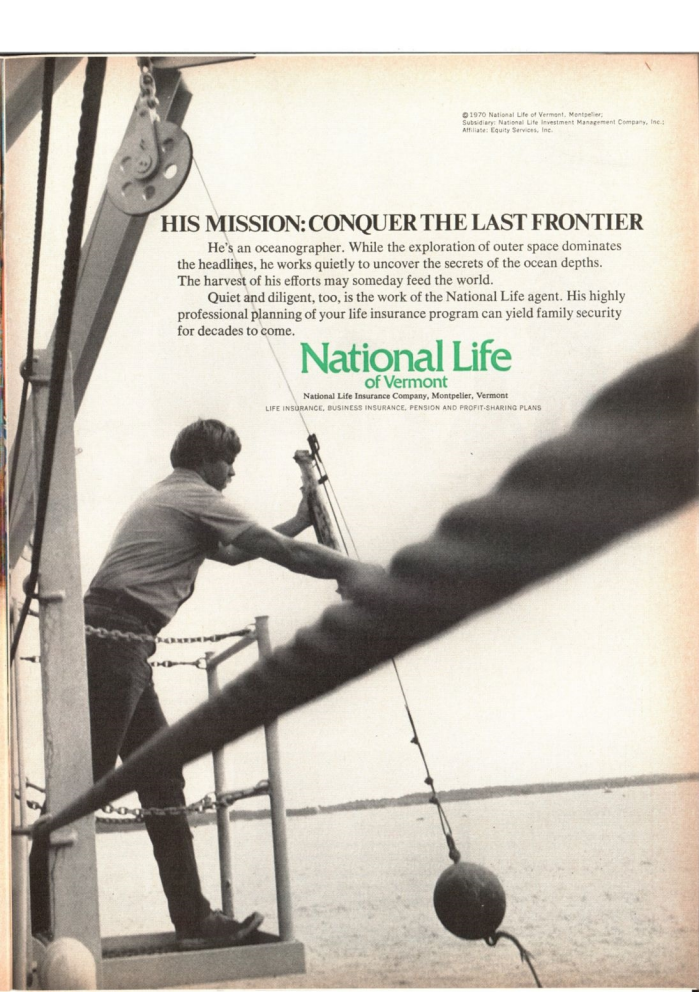
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MUSIC

Bird with Inward Fire

Striding onstage, shoulders hunched forward, elbows flapping at the side, Prince Charles hair sliding forward over one eye, Conductor Michael Tilson Thomas looks like a big bird impersonating an adolescent. Mounting the podium, this shambling creature bows low—to the audience, to the orchestra—then, in some sort of mystical transformation, comes up a man. With a snap, the backbone locks firmly into place. The right hand is suddenly holding the baton high over the head. Slowly, powerfully, the left hand rises like a warning semaphore. Quickly, precisely, the right hand gives the downbeat.

That was the way Thomas began Mozart's *Requiem* at the "Mostly Mozart Festival" in Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall last week. A remarkably mature performance, it confirmed an opinion that has been growing since late last fall: at 25, Thomas is perhaps the most naturally gifted young conductor to come along since Leonard Bernstein more than a generation ago.

Mozart's *Requiem*, written as the 35-year-old composer lay dying, is one of those unearthly, suprahuman creations that are virtually impossible for conductors to turn into personal statements. Thomas' performance lacked a certain reflective delicacy that might have made the work more of a requiem and less of a showpiece, but he clearly demonstrated that as a conductor he is thoroughly capable of reaching his performers in the grand style defined long ago by Hector Berlioz: "His inward fire warms them, his electric glow animates them, his form of impulse excites them."

The young conductor's electric glow first became visible last October when William Steinberg, music director of the Boston Symphony, fell ill midway through a visiting concert, also at Philharmonic Hall. Thomas, the orchestra's new assistant conductor and Steinberg's understudy, took over after intermission and handled Strauss's familiar *Till Eulenspiegel* and Robert Starer's new *Concerto for Violin, Cello and Orchestra* with ease, poise and cool. Said the *New York Times* next day: "Mr. Thomas knows his business, and we shall be hearing from him again."

Steinberg later suffered a mild heart attack and had to give up most of the 1969-70 season; Thomas conducted 34 of the Boston Symphony's concerts and was on the podium at its spring recording sessions. The first results, *Ives' Three Places in New England* and *Ruggles' Sun-Treader*, soon to be released on a DGG LP, is 20th century music making at its best. Having established himself as a splendid stand-in, Thomas was asked to fly to London on short notice in May to conduct the London Symphony Orchestra. He was brilliant, especially in Stravinsky's *Huxley Variations*, a fiercely

difficult musical mosaic that he seamed together with high craftsmanship. Said Stuart Knussen, principal double bass and board chairman of the cooperatively run orchestra, "He is one of those unique complete musicians who seem to appear, if at all, in America. We don't have them in England."

The U.S. does not produce many either. An oboist, brilliant pianist and sometime composer ("mostly for myself"), Thomas has been conducting professionally since the age of 20, when he became the leader of the Young Musicians Foundation Debut Orchestra in his native Los Angeles. Since then, he has worked as an assistant to Pierre Boulez at Bayreuth and California's Ojai Festival, rehearsed the orchestra for the famous Heifetz-Piatigorsky concerts. If



THOMAS CONDUCTING BOSTON SYMPHONY
Plus an electric glow.

Thomas seems to enjoy the performing aspects of conducting, that is natural. His grandfather, Boris Thomashefsky, was a founder of the Yiddish theater in New York. His father is Film Maker Ted Thomas; Paul Muni was a cousin.

Humility and Hubris. A symphony orchestra is one of civilization's most highly and delicately collaborative creations. To preside over one requires an odd mixture of mind, heart and common sense as well as a less tangible quality sometimes called animal magnetism, or sheer sex appeal. Thomas seems to possess all these qualities in good measure. For one so successful and so young, he also seems to have a remarkably good balance between humility and hubris. In rehearsal he has no hesitation in asking the orchestra's advice on how to get effects. "At the end of last season," he says, speaking of his relations with the Boston Symphony, "when we did the Mahler *Ninth*, I realized how much I'd

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It has the whole orchestra built in, from thundering brass to whispering

strings. More sounds, in fact, than other organs costing up to \$8,000. And it's all there at your fingertips, ready to put out any sound you want. In fact, if it did any more for your music, you'd have to include one more expense in your budget.

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learned from them. And as I find out more, I can demand more." But when he reaches the podium there is never any doubt whose will is being done.

Thomas is already reaching magisterially for the big sound and carrying both audiences and orchestras with him. But reach does not always equal grasp—in conducting, particularly. With all his gifts, Thomas has a long road ahead. It will take years, as well as accession to the control of a symphony orchestra, for him to set his mark—as a great conductor must—upon a repertoire of music and a group of musicians. No one is more willing to learn, however. It is probably lucky for him, and for the Boston Symphony, that he puts himself to sleep at night reading Haydn scores instead of mystery stories.

Both Time for Ernie

For high drama, nothing beats the weekly "singles" meeting at the Manhattan headquarters of Columbia Records. Into a Danish-modern conference room nervously file a dozen or so highly paid executives, who open their attaché cases and go to work deciding what 45-r.p.m. singles to release that week. Musical careers hang on the outcome. So, in the long run, do the financial fortunes of the company itself. One morning this July the conferees were vigorously debating the merits of three songs in a new LP album when President Clive J. Davis took the floor and picked one out in a firm command decision: "That's the song. Cut it as a single today and ship it tomorrow."

What was the song? It goes like this:

*Oh, Rubber Duckie, you're the one!
You make bath time lots of fun...
Rubber Duckie, I'm awfully fond of you.*

*Rubber Duckie, joys of joys,
When I squeeze you, you make noise.*

Rubber Duckie is, of course, one of the more memorable moments from noncommercial TV's *Sesame Street*. Taken from Columbia's "original cast" LP, the song is sung by a puppet named Ernie who, it will be recalled, sounds like Bullwinkle J. Moose and looks—from the neck up—like a flattened casaba melon. After more than a month of heavy sales promotion, the song has already sold 700,000 copies, and has a firm webhold on Top 40 radio audiences from coast to coast. In Detroit, for example, WXYZ's Dick Purtan plays it regularly during "tubby time" for kids and adults alike, who seem unable to resist its splash-splash counterpoint, quack-quack obbligato, and cheerful pop-style parody of the 1930s Hit Parade.

A far cry from Bob Dylan or the Motown mold. But never mind, music fans. Columbia's executives are smiling. The song is a well-deserved triumph for Puppeteer Jim Henson, who sings for and animates Ernie. And *Sesame Street*, which needs all the money it can get, stands to earn enough in royalties to produce two more programs in the series.

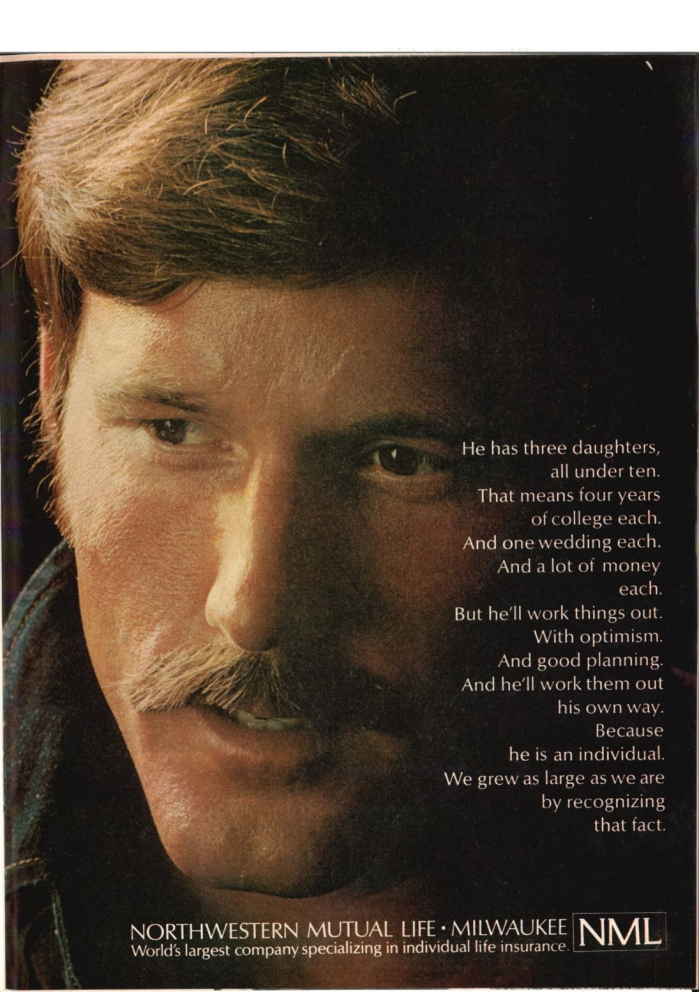
Gordon's. It's how the English keep their gin up!

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you stir a
meticulous
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Let down on the distinctive dryness, the delicate flavour of Gordon's Gin? Never! Every bottle is based on Mr. Gordon's original 1769 formula. So you still stir a drier, more precise martini today. A fanatic devotion to our discoverer? Perhaps. But then that's why your martini is made with the biggest selling gin in England, America, the world. Cheers!

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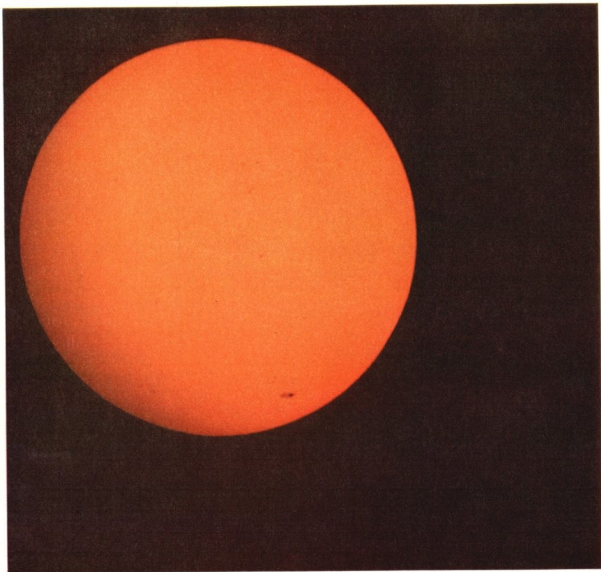


He has three daughters,
all under ten.
That means four years
of college each.
And one wedding each.
And a lot of money
each.
But he'll work things out.
With optimism.
And good planning.
And he'll work them out
his own way.
Because
he is an individual.
We grew as large as we are
by recognizing
that fact.

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World's largest company specializing in individual life insurance.

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Cyanamid science... foils the sizzling rays of the sun



Invisible infrared rays from the sun keep our earth warm and alive. But, in excess, they also can kill human cells and trigger destructive chemical changes in many materials, among them fabrics and plastics.

More than a decade ago Cyanamid scientists pioneered chemicals to protect plastics from another kind of ray from the sun—ultraviolet—the so-called "black light." Finding the answer to infrared ray damage was a tougher job. But we did it. We have a unique new product, Irex* compound, which absorbs and

controls the waves of infrared.

Now we make shields to protect eyes from the fury of welding arcs and laser beams. We're testing windows that let light in but hold heat out. And visualizing more sophisticated thermal barrier screens and heat traps to help men live and work on earth and out in space.

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SPORT

Proud Father, Proud Sons

Football is not just a game but a way of life. It's a game of courage, stamina and coordinated efficiency, of sacrifice, dedication, self-denial and love.

Vincent Lombardi set out to study for the Roman Catholic priesthood, but along the way he discovered another religion: football. To it, he brought his special brand of apostolic dedication and evangelical fervor. "Winning isn't everything. It's the only thing," was Lombardi's creed, and the scourge was his method. He elevated coaching to the level of mysticism, and his principal disciples—the Green Bay Packers—became the most spectacularly successful team in the history of professional football. Under his messianic lash, the Packers were the rulers of their brutal profession for nearly a decade; they won five National Football League championships (1961, '62, '65, '66, '67) and the first two Super Bowl games ('66, '67). They compiled an astounding won-lost-tied record of 99-31-4.

Lombardi temporarily retired from coaching in 1968 to devote himself to the duties of general manager at Green Bay. But he paced the practice field like a caged grizzly bear, and when the Washington Redskins offered him a head coaching job (and 5% ownership), Lombardi leaped at the chance. Last year he transformed a dispirited collection of losers into a winning team (7-5-2). Said Vince: "What I missed most was—well, it wasn't the tension or the crowds or the game on Sunday. There's a great closeness on a football team—a rapport between the men and the coach. It's a binding together, a knitting together. For me, it's like fathers and sons. That's what I missed." Football's proudest father died of cancer last week at the age of 57, and the rugged sons

who loved, hated, feared and—most of all—obeyed him will never forget how he took them to heights that they never knew they could reach.

Vince's football genius was not the intricate, intellectual sort exemplified by the Dallas Cowboys' Tom Landry or Los Angeles Rams' George Allen. His play books were slim: his orthodoxy stressed basics. "Football is two things, blocking and tackling," Lombardi liked to say. "You block and tackle better than the team you're playing, you win." In the Lombardi canon, malingering was a capital crime and injuries did not exist. "Lombardi time" ran ten minutes ahead of the rest of the world; whoever did not readily grasp this temporal anomaly learned at the cost of \$10 per minute. Above all, Lombardi preached pride and mutual esteem, though he never permitted intimacy. Probably the most famous quote from Lombardi's Green Bay epoch came from Tackle Henry Jordan, who said: "He treats us all the same—like dogs." Jordan later added: "To this day, I don't know whether he liked me or not. He respected us as football players, but as far as liking us, he never let on."

Block of Granite. Lombardi gained his highly disciplined view of God, man and football as the Brooklyn-born son of an Italian immigrant butcher. He starred at fullback for St. Francis Prep and went on to become one of the most obdurate stones in Fordham's celebrated Seven Blocks of Granite. He spent five years under Earl Blaik at West Point and another five as offensive coach of the New York Giants. But the head-coaching assignment he yearned for persistently eluded him—until he was tapped by the floundering Packers (1-10-1) at the end of the 1958 season.

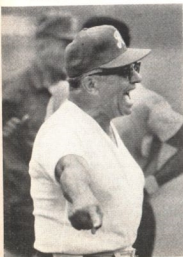
Lombardi demanded—and got—absolute authority: the power to hire and fire, to set salaries, even to design the

Packers' uniforms. Methodically, relentlessly, he went about building a winner. He traded shrewdly for Jordan and Defensive End Willie Davis, took a third-string quarterback named Bart Starr off the bench and pumped confidence into him, collared the Packers' Golden Flop, Notre Dame All-America Paul Hornung, and told him, "You're going to be my halfback." At practice he was an unrelenting tyrant, screaming blasphemous exhortations through his gapped front teeth as the cold Wisconsin sun glinted off his thick glasses. His histrionics would have embarrassed Knute Rockne: he raved, he cried, he prayed in the locker room. It was pure schmalz, but it worked. Hornung won the N.F.L. scoring title three years running while Running Mate Jimmy Taylor piled up yardage. Starr developed into a consummate field general and Green Bay became the most devastating machine in the chronicle of pro football.

After that stunning era came to an end, and Lombardi was busy rebuilding the Redskins, he unabashedly admitted: "A lot of what I say sounds corny. But it is *me*. Hell, I'm an emotional man. I cry. I cried when we won the Super Bowl and I cried when I left Green Bay. I'm not ashamed of crying. Football's an emotional game. If you're going to be involved in it, you gotta take your emotions with you, mister."

Lombardi's fundamentalist brand of football has all but died with him. The headily revolving defense and complex multiple offense introduced by this year's Super Bowl winner, Kansas City's Hank Stram, are the new mode of the '70s. But the '60s will be remembered as the Lombardi decade, the era in which Vince's thundering green-and-gold-clad Packers savaged opponents from Yankee Stadium to the Los Angeles Coliseum and made pro football a national obsession. This incandescent game will unquestionably endure, but it will be much the dimmer for the eclipse of the brooding, bristling man who was its sun.

LOMBARDI AT REDSKIN PRACTICE



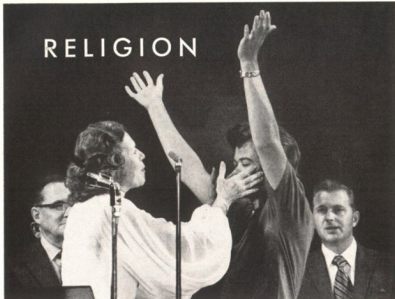
AFTER GREEN BAY CHAMPIONSHIP



AT FORDHAM IN 1935



RELIGION



KATHRYN KUHLMAN AT LOS ANGELES HEALING SERVICE
Veritable one-woman shrine of Lourdes.

Miracle Woman

"There never was a more ordinary woman than the one standing before you," she tells her audiences in a quiet, dramatic voice. "I have nothing, nothing to do with these healings. I have only yielded my life to Him. Do not try to reach out and touch Kathryn Kuhlman. Reach up and touch Him."

The words are earnest and appropriate enough for the diminutive figure in the white dress on the stage of Los Angeles' Shrine Auditorium. Joyfully middle-class, fiftyish, a lady who likes fine clothes, Kathryn Kuhlman looks for all the world like dozens of the women in her audience. But hidden underneath the 1945 Shirley Temple hairdo is one of the most remarkable Christian charismatics in the U.S. She is, in fact, a veritable one-woman shrine of Lourdes. In each of her recent services—in Los Angeles, Toronto and her home base of Pittsburgh—miraculous cures seem to occur.

The Los Angeles service was typical. "The power of God is going through a sugar diabetic," she cried suddenly, pointing out into the audience. "There is a cancer, and every bit of pain has left that body. Somebody with a hearing aid on, take it off. You can hear. Someone with a heart condition is being healed. There is bursitis in an arm in the balcony. The arm is completely loosened."

Now the ushers began to urge the cured into the aisles, up to the stage. The woman in white encourages them to try their new-found health: an old man in shirtsleeves, claiming to be cured of a spinal injury, tosses his cane away and runs across the stage. A seven-year-old boy, with his mother, says that he can hear in a seemingly deaf ear for

the first time since he was three. "Did you know Jesus was going to open your ear?" asks Kathryn. "Yes," answers the boy, "because He loves me." Kathryn folds him in her arms. "When you grow up to be a big man, you must remember that Jesus loves you."

Jesus, God. The "H-o-o-o-ly Spirit." Kathryn Kuhlman carefully assigns credit for the remarkable phenomena that take place in her presence. But whatever the cause of the healing, the cases are often remarkable. Some examples:

► In July, twelve-year-old Venus Yates lay in Los Angeles County General Hospital under intensive care for rheumatoid arthritis, rheumatic fever and a tumor on her spine. Against the hospital's wishes, Venus' parents took her on a stretcher to one of Kuhlman's monthly services in the Shrine Auditorium. As the service neared its end, Venus' mother suddenly said, "You're cured!" Medical tests for the ailments now prove entirely negative.

► Paul Garnreiter, the seven-year-old boy who regained his hearing at the August service in Los Angeles, had suffered a proteus infection in his left ear for four years. A mastoidectomy two years ago showed a severely deteriorated eardrum. Last week Paul's physician could find no evidence of damage.

► Judith Schipper, 29, had a calcified tendon in her left elbow when she went to a Kuhlman service in Los Angeles. Her illness had been diagnosed by X ray last summer after she had complained of pain. X rays taken last week showed that the calcification no longer existed. Her doctor admitted that it could have cleared up by itself, but Mrs. Schipper contends that it pained her only days before the service.

► In 1959, 69-year-old Mrs. Myrtle Joseph of Youngstown, Ohio, was ex-

amined by Dr. O. Whitmore Burtner, now of Miami. A bone-marrow test indicated that she suffered from chronic lymphatic leukemia, which was spreading slowly. By 1964, Mrs. Joseph needed regular blood transfusions. Her liver, spleen and lymph nodes became swollen. Then, in May 1967, she wrote a letter to Kathryn Kuhlman asking for her prayers. Within a few days she felt so well that she stopped seeing Dr. Burtner. Alarmed, he asked her to come in for tests. Her marrow, liver, spleen, lymph nodes and white blood cells were normal. She is now a sprightly 80.

Among the Farmers, Kathryn Kuhlman herself has no elaborate theories about the origin of her apparent gift. The daughter of mixed-creed Protestants (she now belongs to the American Baptist Convention but her services are pointedly nondenominational), Kathryn dropped out of high school after her sophomore year because she "felt a definite call to the ministry." She took to itinerant preaching in Idaho, and for almost two decades "worked in the small places, among the farmers." She hated traditional tent healing services: "the long healing lines, filling out those cards. It was an insult to your intelligence." After visiting such a service once, she cried all night.

An intensely personal religious experience in 1946—which she speaks of only as her "baptism of the Holy Spirit"—inspired Kathryn to begin preaching regularly about the Holy Spirit. Healing came by accident, when a woman announced one night that she had been cured of a tumor during a previous Kuhlman sermon.

Today Kathryn runs her Kathryn Kuhlman Foundation from a hotel suite in Pittsburgh, where she prepares radio and TV shows and a busy staff keeps track of finances. She draws a straight \$25,000-a-year salary from the money collected at services. (She sometimes forgets to take up a collection.) Most of the rest—after operating expenses—goes to a variety of charities, especially a number of mission churches of different denominations.

Sovereign Act. Beyond her repeated assertion that it all is the work of the Holy Spirit operating through Jesus Christ, Kathryn preaches no theology of healing. She no longer believes that faith necessarily earns healing, or that lack of faith necessarily forbids it. She has seen too many nonbelievers cured, too many believers go away still lame or sick. She refuses to promise individual healings: "I can't," she explains. "That's the sovereign act of God."

She does see her ministry as a return to the supernatural element in the ancient church. "Everything that happened in the early church," she insists, "we have a right to expect today. This

* The staff spends little time verifying healings, because Kathryn has no doubt that they are accomplished. But in some remarkable cases, such as that of Venus Yates, they attempt to document the cure fully.

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is exactly what we're going to get back to again." As for her own part in this return to the supernatural, Kathryn Kuhlman hesitates to look very far ahead. She is so convinced that her role is only that of an intermediary that she has a recurring nightmare about coming out on stage some day and finding the chairs empty, her gift gone. Her admirers believe that it may well be that very recognition—and her continued modesty—that have preserved the gift for so long.

A Place in the Country

On Aug. 6, 1637, scarlet-robed members of the College of Cardinals filed into the Vatican's Pauline Chapel for a solemn Mass in honor of Cardinal Zaccaria, who was considered a shoo-in for election as the next Pope. The incumbent, Pope Urban VIII, supposedly lay dying in his villa at Castel Gandolfo 17 miles away in the Alban hills, and the cardinals were eager to show their esteem for the heir apparent. Just as the Mass was about to begin, the doors of the chapel swung open and Urban VIII, clad in full pontifical robes, strode in. Cardinal Zaccaria abruptly collapsed, stricken with a heart attack. Wrote Urban later: "the air at Castel Gandolfo had been 'the instrument that God used to preserve my life.'"

God's instrument or no, the air at Castel Gandolfo has refreshed 13 Popes since the time of Urban VIII, the first Pontiff to use the villa as a summer retreat from the oppressive mugginess of summertime Rome. This year Paul VI is continuing the pleasant tradition, which has been skipped by only a small number of Popes—mainly those who considered themselves "prisoners of the Vatican" after the uni-

fication of Italy in 1870. When the Italian government recognized the Castel Gandolfo estate as an extraterritorial part of an independent Vatican in 1929, Pope Pius XI promptly refurbished the place, noting ruefully that his successors would probably appreciate the restoration more than "all my speeches and encyclicals." Ever since then, Castel Gandolfo has become the center of Vatican life every year from mid-July until late September, when the Roman heat begins to ease.

Resonant Welcome. The arrival of the Pope each summer—like the arrival of President Nixon in San Clemente—is a gala event. The 4,900 villagers of Castel Gandolfo, who normally support themselves by producing good white wine and some of Italy's tastiest peaches, dress in their Sunday best. The tricolored flag of Italy and the gold-and-white banner of the Vatican wave from every building. Bells peal out in resonant welcome. With the summer Vatican come the tourists, especially on audience days, and restaurants and souvenir stands do a brisk business.

The estate itself runs almost the full length of the town. Occupying 175 acres, the rambling, green-hilled properties are actually 67 acres larger than Vatican City. Some of the property is given over to a modern dairy farm—reputed to be one of the most efficient in Europe—some to an experiment in raising Black Angus cattle for possible widespread use in Italy. There is also a modern chicken farm, and nearly 1,800 olive trees. A floor of the four-story papal palace, which covers about 2½ acres, is occupied by the Jesuits who man the observatory on the roof.

Set amid formal, terraced gardens,

the villa resembles a rambling medieval manor house. But the routine within is briskly efficient. Pope Paul VI rises at 6:30 a.m., bathes, is shaved by his valet and says an early Mass. At breakfast (*caffè latte*, rolls, fruit), the conversation revolves around the morning news while the Pope glances at newspapers: *Le Monde*, *La Stampa*, and *Corriere della Sera*. At 8:30, in the garden under a centuries-old oak tree, Paul receives a worldwide news briefing that often focuses on church matters: excerpts from a German paper's comments on Vatican finances, for example, or the story in *Figaro* on a liberal theological congress. At 10, the Pope begins private audiences with important Curia prelates, visiting churchmen and other dignitaries. Only on Sundays, when the Pope makes a brief appearance above the palace courtyard, and on Wednesdays, the general-audience day, does the routine vary. Then cars jam the roads leading to the estate, bringing the faithful to audiences similar to those held in Rome. Last Wednesday the audience became even livelier when a former mental patient tossed a few rocks at the Pope—so wide of the mark that the Pontiff never noticed the incident.

Powerful Monarch. Lunch, even on papal vacation, is devoted to business. While light courses of pasta, meat or fish, salad and fruit are served, Paul keeps up a lively chatter with his table companions, often including Papal Secretary of State Cardinal Villot, who has a permanent apartment at the summer villa. After a 1½-hour siesta, there is more work: reading (and often writing marginalia in) the Vatican daily, *L'Osservatore Romano*, and planning or writing important documents. Like his predecessors, Paul works long hours. An hour or so for prayer in the evening, some minutes of symphonic music, a private walk in the garden, more work. Bedtime rarely comes before 1 or 1:30 in the morning.

Paul believes that there is no reason to leave the burdens of office behind at the Vatican, and his days at Castel Gandolfo have produced some of his most important pronouncements. Last summer, for example, he did much of the work on his mixed-marriage document at the villa. From the same location, in the summer of 1968, he also issued *Humanae Vitae*, his church-shaking encyclical condemning all forms of artificial birth control.

Castel Gandolfo had a different kind of impact on the reputation of the papacy during the later years of World War II, when the estate was used as a refugee camp and also briefly housed a French army contingent of Moslem Moroccans. The Moslems, noting the presence of some 3,000 women refugees, were duly, if mistakenly, impressed. Italian Novelist Curzio Malaparte records the impression in his book *The Skin*: "Three thousand wives! The Pope was undoubtedly the most powerful monarch in the world."



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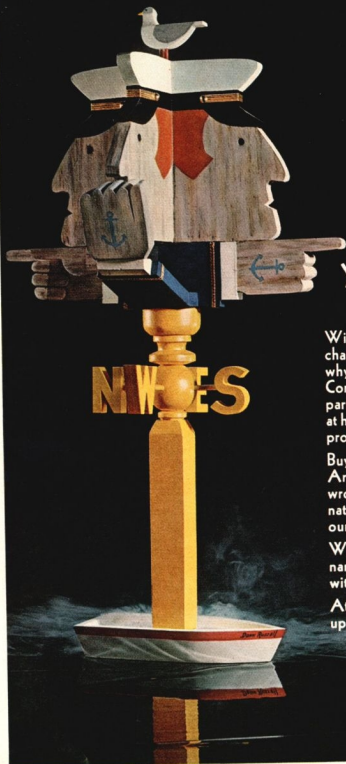
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MILESTONES

Died. Vince Lombardi, 57, one of professional football's greatest coaches (see *SPORT*).

Died. Abraham Zapruder, 65, Dallas dress manufacturer who took the only closeup motion pictures of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy; of cancer; in Dallas. Carrying an 8-mm. movie camera loaded with color film, Zapruder posted himself near the Texas Book Depository and started filming as the presidential motorcade rolled past. In detail, the approximately 20-sec. sequence shows the bullets striking the President, and the panic of that moment. Portions of the film later appeared in *LIFE*, and became important evidence for the Warren Commission.

Died. General Pierre Koenig, 71, World War II French military hero; following surgery; near Paris. Koenig led the Free French troops against the Germans in Libya, later commanded all French forces in England and those in the Resistance at home. After the war, he served as a Gaullist Deputy and Minister of Defense, and devoted much energy to French-Israeli friendship and military cooperation, arguing that Israel was the only bar to Soviet domination of the Middle East.

Died. The Rev. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, 80, famed radio preacher who propounded Christian verities to millions of Americans each Sunday from 1928 to 1962 over NBC's *National Radio Pulpit*; of cancer; in Manhattan. Sockman was minister of Manhattan's Christ Church, Methodist, and the author of numerous inspirational books (*The Higher Happiness*, *How to Believe*). But his largest audience was on the air waves, where, as he once put it, "I pitched my sermons on a level somewhere between Reinhold Niebuhr and Norman Vincent Peale."

Died. Agnes Ernst Meyer, 83, widow of Washington Post Board Chairman Eugene Meyer, mother of Katharine Meyer Graham, its present publisher, and for years a power on the paper; in Mount Kisco, N.Y. Mrs. Meyer cut her journalistic teeth in 1907 as the first woman reporter for the old New York *Sun*. In 1933, she convinced her financier husband that he should buy the faltering *Post* for \$825,000, and together they set about curing its ills; while he and his associates strengthened circulation, advertising and news coverage, she crusaded for social causes (education, housing) through exposés and lectures. In 1944 she urged the Federal Government to set up a Cabinet-rank department to encompass the areas of health, education and welfare.

Died. François Mauriac, 84, giant of French letters (see *THE WORLD*).

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THE LAW

Justice in New Haven

The Black Panthers and their sympathizers shouted their charges of political-racial persecution. Defense attorneys wrote a legal brief arguing that the Connecticut jury-selection system was unconstitutional. Yale President Kingman Brewster Jr. expressed skepticism about the judicial system's ability to be fair. All this even before the New Haven trial of Lonnie McClucas began. Throughout the eleven-week proceeding, the question persisted: Could a predominantly white, middle-class jury objectively judge the actions of a revolutionary Black Panther?

Last week the panel of ten whites and two blacks answered in the af-

olutely no comment," he said. "And no comment on my no comment." As he left the courtroom, McClucas himself, though awaiting sentencing, appeared content with the verdict.

The Panthers and their supporters staged a relatively mild street demonstration, demanding McClucas' complete exoneration. Overall, however, there was an atmosphere of good feeling that had hardly been evident at the trial's outset. Beginning with the May Day demonstrations in New Haven that almost erupted in bloody rioting, city and court officials were nervous about potential violence. Bulletproof windows were installed in Judge Mulvey's courtroom, and protesters were banned from demonstrating on the

FBI and the New Haven police." During the long deliberations, what many had believed to be a small minority holding out for leniency turned out to have been the majority. Judge Mulvey's "dynamite charge" to the jurors after their fifth day of indecision, requesting the minority to reconsider the equally thoughtful views of the majority, was, according to one, the straw "that broke the camel's back."

For McClucas, 24, whose conviction will now be appealed, the judicial system worked as it should have. It treated him as an individual rather than a symbol of a radical movement. But the jury's verdict did not resolve some issues. Who was ultimately responsible for killing Alex Rackley? Was the Panther hierarchy culpable? State Prosecutor Arnold Markle has his own plans to find out. Seven more Panthers, including Party Chairman Bobby Seale, still await trial in the case.

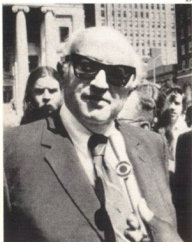
Who Owns the Shelf?

After California, Texas and Louisiana fought Washington for legal title to the tidelands 20 years ago, the issue seemed to be settled. The states lost on legal principle in court, then won from Congress concessions within the three-mile limit. New claimants and new oil prospects, however, have reopened the contest over submerged lands on a grand scale.

The original cases involved territory immediately offshore, most of it within the three miles over which the U.S. claims national sovereignty. The current fight involves rights to the natural resources within the continental shelf, extending many miles from the coastline. International law recognizes any country's rights to such riches in the shelf adjoining it, but does not seek to distinguish between federal and local rights. In recent years, geologists have tantalized the Eastern states with reports of possible oil and gas deposits beneath the waters. One company, King Resources, has agreed to pay Maine \$333,760 for exclusive exploration rights to 3,300,000 acres of submerged land eleven to 80 miles from the coastline.

Colonial Claims. Now 13 Atlantic Coast states find themselves in litigation with the Federal Government. Only months after Maine announced its underwater deal, Washington sued the states, asserting that they were coveting what was not theirs: natural resources beyond the three-mile limit. The U.S. Supreme Court decisions in the tidelands cases and the Submerged Lands Act of 1953, the Government contends, restrict state rights to three miles from shore.

The Justice Department hoped that the Supreme Court would quickly apply the precedents of the tidelands decisions and rule in the Government's favor. But, in a little-noticed action last June, the Supreme Court agreed with the 13 states that the case should be heard by a master before the court considers it. The Court appointed



THEODORE KOSKOFF

Victory for the system.

LONNIE MCCLUCAS



firmative. After deliberating for 33 hours over six days—longer than any other jury in Connecticut's history—it convicted McClucas of conspiracy to murder for his role in the 1969 slaying of Alex Rackley. The maximum punishment is 15 years. At the same time, the jurors acquitted McClucas of three other charges that carried heavier penalties, including the capital offense of kidnapping resulting in death.

Daily Lessons. Said the elated defense attorney, Theodore Koskoff: "The judge was fair, the jury was fair, and, in this case, a black revolutionary was given a fair trial." Equally pleased was Judge Harold M. Mulvey, whose calm demeanor and evenhanded rulings became daily lessons on how well the judicial system can work. Mulvey told the jurors that they had shown "the whole wide world" how earnest they had been about returning a fair verdict. Kingman Brewster, whose remarks in April provoked hot arguments, was silent last week. "Ab-

courtthouse steps. Marshals frisked those attending the trial.

As if the external circumstances were not harrowing enough, the jurors were subjected to macabre evidence and testimony. Color slides of Rackley's bullet-torn and tortured body were shown. Tapes were heard of the victim's whimpering voice, recorded by his fellow Panthers as they interrogated him before the killing. McClucas admitted that he had driven the car that took Rackley to the murder scene and that he had fired the second of two shots. The defendant insisted, however, that he had been an unwilling and—until the last moment—unwitting participant in the crime.

Through it all, the jurors remained calm and open-minded, particularly toward McClucas' own testimony. One juror told a reporter for the *Hartford Courant*: "It was McClucas' testimony that freed him, not his defense. He was a gentle man. He was as honest as the

Albert Maris, senior judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals in Philadelphia, to serve as master.

When Judge Maris opens hearings next month, he will be exposed to American history as well as law. The states argue that their claims to the land predate the Union itself. King James I, according to the states, not only granted a land charter to the Virginia Company in 1606 but gave it rights up to 100 miles to sea from what is now Eastport, Me., to Cape Fear, N.C. Attorneys contend that King William was equally generous with the Massachusetts Bay Colony, granting sea as well as land rights to the colonists. The Government's answer is that such rights passed to the national government rather than the states once the Federal Union was formed.

Next week the chief legal officers for

DRUM BROTHERS



JAMES I

A generous grant.

the 13 states will meet to plan legal strategy. Even if their case fails, the states will try to soften the blow with two bills currently being considered by the House Judiciary Committee. The legislation would give the states rights to submerged resources up to twelve miles from land and provide for federal-state revenue sharing of proceeds from exploitation of natural resources beyond twelve miles.

The Justice Department has not spared its strongest advocates or language in pressing the Government's interest. U.S. Solicitor General Erwin Griswold unsuccessfully asked the court to award judgment as a matter of law. At stake, the Government's brief stated, "is not a case of merely monetary importance. Until resolved, the disagreement impedes the further exploration and development of the submerged lands of the outer continental shelf for which Congress has declared an urgent need."

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ART

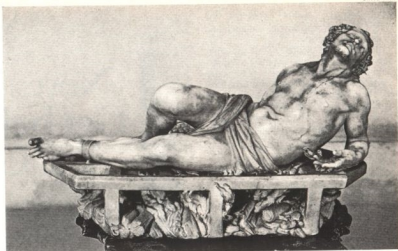
Sculpture by Order

"You specify it; we fabricate it," boasted the Industrial Welding Co. on a sign flanking Newark's Ferry Street. Industrial had in mind smokestacks, chemical tanks and it gave an idea to Sculptor Tony Smith, who passed the sign whenever he drove from his home in South Orange, N.J., to Manhattan. So, one day eight years ago, he picked up the phone and ordered a sculpture.

A sculpture? Well, nothing that Michelangelo would recognize as such. But Smith's sculptures lend themselves to both welding and telephoning. Smith's instructions were: "Build me a six-foot cube of quarter-inch hot-rolled steel, with diagonal internal cross bracing." Industrial complied, and over the next years produced a dozen pieces for Smith, following his phone instructions or alternatively, blueprints or models.

Since neither the sculptor nor anyone else sees the whole work until Industrial fabricates it, the factory finds itself a kind of later-day artist's studio, where the artist treats a work's completion like an unveiling. Last week Tony Smith was busy chauffeuring selected friends across the Hudson and through the back streets of Newark to the cement-block building where his new creation had taken final form—a 16-ft., six-ton steel structure called *The Snake Is Out*.

Nicknamed "Snake," the sculpture looms massive and masculine, dwarfing everything in sight. Built in two pieces, it has a manhole on the top for workmen to descend inside for repairs and dismantling. Wandering around the piece, Tony recalled with paternal pride



BERNINI'S "ST. LAWRENCE ON THE GRILL"
Largest gift since the Medicis.

the day in 1962 when he completed the original 46-in. model. "As soon as I finished it, I realized the piece had a sense of movement, like a little dragon or a snake," he said. "Then I remembered John McNulty's short story *Third Avenue Medicine*, in which he describes how bartenders watch for a vein to protrude from a man's forehead. It's a warning. He's drunk too much, and the bartenders say 'The snake is out.'"

The plywood maquette sat on Smith's back porch for seven years until New York State commissioned the piece in steel for the new capital mall in Albany. The model went off to the fabricators, and not until one evening this summer did Smith see Snake again. On his way home for dinner, he peered in the factory's doorway and saw two huge pieces, one on the floor, the other hanging from a crane, hovering six inches over it. "They fitted together like a watch case," he remembers.

Snake's present incarnation is only temporary. Soon it will be dismantled and stored away for two years until the mall is ready. But if something should happen to the pieces, it would not be a total loss. Smith could just pick up the phone and order another "Snake." Industrial Welding could oblige.

Sequestered Treasure

The façade that Florence's Palazzo Capponi presents to the street is tawny and severe. Unlike Germanic peoples, the Italians built their palaces with austere exteriors, content to have the opulence displayed within. But for the past 15 years, the Palazzo Capponi has defied from public gaze a greater treasure than most. Locked up there was the collection amassed by the late Count Alessandro Contini-Bonacossi. No outsider knew exactly what it contained and the only people with access to it were the dead count's heirs and a handful of their friends.

The collection has been sequestered

while the heirs haggled with the legal authorities about its status. Early this year, at long last, the dispute was finally resolved. The result was a bequest to the city of Florence of 15 ceramic plaques from the della Robbia workshop, 38 pieces of Tuscan Renaissance furniture, 43 prime specimens of majolica and Hispano-Moresque faience ware, twelve sculptures (capped by Bernini's small but superbly fashioned *St. Lawrence on the Grill*), and 35 paintings that any museum would be proud to own. Late this month they will go on display at the Pitti Palace in the apartments formerly set aside for the royal family on their ceremonial visits to Florence, thus meeting the heirs' condition that the works be displayed in a group, as if in a private home. The collection is the largest gift of art to a public museum in Italy since the vast Medici collections became state property 200 years ago.

From the Back. Not everybody agrees on the importance of the works. Part of the dissent is ideological. The count's title was bestowed on him by Mussolini after he made a politic gift of several statues and other art objects to the Castel Sant' Angelo in Rome. Part is sheer Italian snobbery. Contini-Bonacossi was the son of peasants, who made his fortune in South America by methods that are still muffled in obscurity. When he returned to Florence, he set himself up as an art dealer and put his collection together between 1900 and 1928.

In those years, anything went. To eke out their meager stipends, parish priests could (and did) sell a 14th century *predella* out of the back door of their church for a few lire. The art market was full of floating masterpieces at whose origins dealers winked. The outstanding picture in the bequest, Sassetti's *Our Lady of the Snow*, is arguably the greatest surviving work by

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
by Giovanni del Biondo



SMITH WITH "SNAKE"
Nothing Michelangelo would recognize.



THE MADONNA OF THE SNOWS
by Il Sassetta



ST. JEROME IN THE DESERT
by Giovanni Bellini

BIRTH OF ST. NICHOLAS
by Paolo Veneziano



this unprolific Sieneese master and worth, according to a spokesman at Christie's, "about \$1,500,000." But it was stolen 60 years ago from the high altar of the church at Chiusi, near Siena, and purchased later by Contini-Bonacossi.

The importance of the collection has long been a source of controversy. Some of its attributions (made by the late Roberto Longhi) are, in the delicate language of art historians, "optimistic." In the view of some Italian experts the collection ranks some distance after other private and far older collections—those of the Doria, Colonna and Pallavicini families in Rome, the Corsini and Seristori in Florence and the Cini family in Venice. Still, Professor Mario Salmi, vice president of the Consiglio Superiore delle Antichità e Belle Arti, says firmly: "It is undoubtedly the finest private collection of Italian Gothic and Renaissance art made after 1900 in Italy."

The bequest to Florence is particularly remarkable for its early-Renaissance works, of which all too few survive. Of the best among them is a *St. John the Baptist* by the early Florentine master Giovanni del Biondo. The saint's grim, forbidding mien reflects the panic of religious doom that fell on Tuscany at the time of the plague, but the man stands, feet implacably planted athwart the body of Herod, in symbolic triumph. With the gift of Contini-Bonacossi's *St. Jerome*, Florence will have one of the half-dozen finest small Bellinis to be seen anywhere in Europe. Every detail, from the folds of the saint's robe to the squirrel on a branch behind him, was imagined and recorded by Bellini as the concrete signs of God's grace investing the world. Bellini came 50 years before Titian, but 100 years before him Paolo Veneziano demonstrated to Venetians, in works like *The Birth of St. Nicholas*, that paintings did not have to be as flat and hieratic as the Byzantine style dictated, producing pictures with depth and visual drama that have their own particular authority.

Large Bite. The hassle about the bequest derives from the fact that the count was intent on leaving a memorial to himself in his own homeland, but the state insisted on a large tax bite for itself. He died (in 1955) before the issue was settled, but in his will he directed that his heirs should find some way of giving part of his collection to the state. Negotiations between family and state dragged on for 14 years. Part of the deal is that the family's half could be sold outside Italy without the 30% duty imposed on sales of Italian treasures abroad.

The value of what the heirs have kept should be immense. Not all the cream of the collection has gone to Florence; the family is merely down to its last half-dozen Titians, five or six Bellinis, and a pair of Tiepolo ceilings. Nobody knows what price the art may eventually fetch, but it seems certain that no group of paintings like it will be seen on the market again for years.



WHEN FOLKS RETIRE FROM JACK DANIEL'S they find things to keep them busy, but they also manage to keep an eye on the Hollow.



Even when a man retires after many years at the distillery, he usually stays on in Lynchburg. This gives him a chance to stop by the Hollow whenever he takes a notion. That way, he can keep up with any

changes as they happen. But one thing has never changed: the way we make Jack Daniel's whiskey and smooth it out with Charcoal Mellowing. You can be sure our old-timers will see to that.



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MELLOWED



BY DROP

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THE PRESS



THE FEARSOME THREESOME: BRADY, WEIR & FAIRCHILD IN WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY CITY ROOM

Out on a Limb with the Midi

FOR clothes-conscious American women, the summer of discontent is over; this week the autumn of decision begins. Home from vacation, they face the most difficult fall shopping dilemma in decades: whether to go for the midi. Not since Christian Dior's 1947 New Look has a descending hemline raised such a furor. Men denounce the midi as a threat to the golden days of mini ogling; women insist that it will make them look old, or ugly, or dumpty, or sawed-off—or all of these; and the fashion industry has been deeply split by its advent.

The battle rages in millions of American homes, from the White House to the Chicago split-level whose car boasts a bumper sticker that proclaims: "Mini yes, Midi no!" "I feel this is a graceful length for me," says Pat Nixon. Says her daughter, Julie Eisenhower: "I think most midis are ugly, dowdy." Bill Fine, president of Bonwit Teller, thinks—one might say hopes—that "the longer lengths have manners, more style. Perhaps it has something to do with moral awareness." A protest signed by 335 customers of the Sanger-Harris store in Dallas reads: "We object strongly to being suppressed into buying the midi exclusively. We like looking feminine and intend staying that way, even if it means shopping elsewhere."

Ordinarily, fashion designers are at the center of arguments over new styles. In the case of the midi, however, the

dominant force is a publisher, the press lord of a tiny trade-journal fiefdom that churns out eight publications that few Americans have ever heard of—except for one. He is John Burr Fairchild, 43, the head of Fairchild Publications and the boss of *Women's Wear Daily*, the terror tabloid of the fashion world. Fairchild is a puzzling study of opposites. Though the columns of *WWD* are filled with the social doings of what he calls the "Beautiful People," he resolutely shuns their company and their entertainments. Though he makes his living following fashion, he insists that it cannot be taken seriously. "Fashion is like food," he says, "good to taste, good to feel, good to see. Nothing more." At the same time, Fairchild is obviously a man who savors power. And this year he is putting his power to the test. He did not guess that hems would dive this year; he decided. He has decreed 1970 the year of the midi.

What's Up and What's In

The weapon he is using to enforce his decree is *Women's Wear Daily*, and it is a weapon of extraordinary strength. Once a strictly trade journal unknown outside the industry, it has been converted under Fairchild's guidance into a lively, gossipy and bitchy newspaper of manners, trends and scandal. Though its circulation of 85,000 is far below that of *Vogue* (450,000) and *Harper's Bazaar* (440,000), it is clearly the most

powerful and influential fashion journal in the U.S. It has become must reading for anyone connected with the fashion business, for journalists in search of story tips, and for members of the social set who want to know what's Up and what's In.

"*Women's Wear Daily* is a force," says Muriel Sinclair, fashion director for Joseph Magnin in San Francisco. "To ignore it, you'd have to be able to ignore what's going on in fashion around the world." Georgia Young, manager of Erlebacher in Washington, admits that "we're scared not to read *Women's Wear*. We are influenced by it—everybody in fashion is." So are some 10,000 other readers outside the industry, who are fascinated by *WWD*'s plentiful brew of gossip, profiles, trendy tips and incisive reviews. Eleanor Lambert, fashion's foremost publicist, is no particular fan of *Women's Wear*, and vice versa. Still, she feels that the paper "has the same impact as Walter Winchell once did. Winchell humanized the theater and let people see glimpses of human foible behind the scenes. *Women's Wear* has done the same to fashion. The press and society have been titillated by its gossip, and its power has snowballed."

This growing power has made Fairchild the most feared and disliked man in the fashion-publishing field. Despite his wide blue eyes and guileless countenance, he and his No. 1 hatchet man,

WWD Publisher James Brady, have chalked up—and delighted in—a long string of personality assassinations, cutting insults and crushing putdowns. They have distorted news stories to back their hunches, ridiculed prominent women with consummate catfiness and indulged their personal likes and dislikes in puffs and snubs. But no *Women's Wear* vendetta, however vicious, has ever raised a controversy that can compare with Fairchild's and WWD's fervent espousal of the midi.

January Juggernaut

Designers, manufacturers and retailers are caught in a dilemma as fierce as that of the nation's women: between minis that may be out of date and midis that may not sell. The squeeze hurts, and those who are not directly in John Fairchild's line of fire are not afraid to yell. S. Irene Johns, president of the Association of Buying Offices, an organization that represents 25,500 stores and specialty shops across the country, insists that "by starting to push the midi last winter, *Women's Wear* killed not only the fall season for manufacturers but the spring season too." And Mildred Sullivan, director of the New York Couture Business Council, adds: "I don't hesitate to point the finger directly at *Women's Wear* for the outrageous situation. They have consumers believing the Longuette is the only style they should wear."

The Longuette? Although the term midi has now come to mean anything from below the knee to the ankle, it still meant mid-calf at the beginning of 1970. So Fairchild coined the word Longuette to launch his midi juggernaut last January. The paper's Paris bureau complained that there was no such word, but Fairchild knew better. He mailed them a page from his Cassell's French-English dictionary, where he had found it. WWD's front-page kickoff story began: "The word *longuette* means, in French, 'longish, somewhat long, pretty long, too long.' That just about sums up the Paris scene today."

From then on, WWD relentlessly pushed the midi. In stories, gossip items and pictures, it pounded the theme: "The whole look of American women will now change, and die-hard miniskirt adherents are going to be out in the fashion cold." In Rome, Fairchild photographers found "Longuette Thoroughbreds" at a horse show. In London, they spotted "Longuette Birds" and "Sportive Longuettes." Back in the U.S., the paper claimed that executives along Manhattan's Seventh Avenue, the central nervous system of the U.S. fashion industry, were "backing the Longuette completely for fall."

"Completely" is too strong by far, but many in the fashion trade have indeed placed huge stakes on Fairchild's gamble. Because of the recession and the mini-midi hesitation of American women, fabric mills have slowed down, clothing manufacturers have gone out

of business or "into suspension," and retailers are hurting. If hemlines go down far enough, women will have to buy complete new wardrobes: midi dresses, skirts, coats; belts and bags; higher-heeled shoes and boots. That could mean millions of dollars in sales, and security for thousands of jobs. Katherine Murphy, a fashion coordinator for Manhattan's Bloomingdale's, puts it cold turkey: "Look, this isn't fun and games. We have a multimillion-dollar business to run, and we're not laughing all the way to the bank. Our whole economy is based on planned obsolescence." Bloomingdale's, obviously, is leaning Fairchild's way; so, for example, are Stanley Korshak in Chicago, Sakowitz in Houston, Erlebacher in Washington. The midi predominates in high-fashion stores, but there are alternatives: pantsuits particularly, plus a few minis.

Is anyone buying? Despite the Longuette pictures that WWD crams into its pages nearly every day, midi purchases are still pretty much limited to the fringe crowd—women who want to be first with anything new, no matter what; women who need to hide atrocious legs; women who do things just to be different. Manhattanites who might run into Fairchild at Restaurant X, Y or Z (see glossary) probably own at least one midi; eager candidates for a mention in a WWD gossip column certainly own two.

In Washington, where the social set runs a bit longer in the tooth than in New York, a few senior wives have gratefully followed Mrs. Nixon's return to the midi as a way of dealing with the ravages of time. Film stars present a mixed pattern; those whose bodies are their fortune are not about to conceal firm thighs, golden with sun. Those who fancy themselves trendsetters (Ra-

Women's Wear Daily

Babe's Chemise Longuette

Sears 2d Quarter Surge Brings Record 1st Half

New Challenge At Lansburgh's (Retail Shares Outrun Halls)

Nobody built you like Almac.

Research Decision

1 New Trend Spinning Up For Cottons

WWD FRONT PAGE

quel Welch is one) have been wearing midis since last spring. And rebels like Jane Fonda, who have been wearing long skirts for more than a year, will probably be perversely prompted to go back to minis, or at least pants.

Still, fashion is nothing if not change. And change in 1970, if there is to be any, must mean a lowered hemline—it can't go any higher. But is it time for a change? And if so, how drastic? Even back in 1947, women picketed against the New Look; since then, they have become more and more accustomed to dressing to suit themselves rather than some arbitrary fashion standard. Today's increasingly liberated woman is less inclined than ever to accept the authority of some dictator at the top of the fashion industry.

Pushcart Peddler

In many ways, Fairchild seems to agree with the anti-midi movement when he talks about the changing influence of fashion. "No one can dictate fashion," he says. "It is like telling someone what they must eat." He also stresses the growing influence of youth: "Paris still gives fashion authority. But today, fashion is born on the world's streets, in the East Village, and on the Left Bank, on King's Road and the Corso in Rome." He would be the first to agree that the traditional fashion industry is being challenged by the small boutiques and the creative individuals who run them. But that does not deter him from his old-fashioned power play with the midi.

A lot of John Fairchild's uncles and cousins are shocked at his arrogance, but in some trade-journal heaven his grandfather Edmund must be bursting with pride. A Chicago pushcart peddler, Edmund bought an interest in a men's-wear trade paper in 1890 and

THE ENEMY



began distributing it as he made his rounds. That was the beginning of a staid, relatively prosperous family publishing empire that now includes *Daily News Record* (which covers the men's clothing industry), *Electronic News*, *Footwear News*, *Home Furnishings Daily*, *Metalworking News*, *Supermarket News*, *Men's Wear* magazine and a book division. The total circulation of the eight journals is nearly 400,000.

College Dropout

Born in 1927, John attended Kent prep school in Connecticut and started at Princeton in 1946. Fairchild recalls that he had ideas then about becoming a physician or scientist, but "I was just simply hopeless in math, simply gross with figures." He dropped out of college after his freshman year and joined the Army, serving in the Pentagon as a speechwriter and an occasional model for recruiting posters.

By then his father had become president of Fairchild, and John no longer had even vague doubts that his future lay with the family venture. He went back to Princeton for a bachelor's degree in general humanities and back to *WWD* for summer jobs. Between his junior and senior years, he was sent to help out in Fairchild Publications' Paris bureau. That summer, he also met Jill Lipsky, the soft-spoken daughter of a Russian father and English mother, whom he married a year later, after his graduation from Princeton and hers from Vassar.

Shortly after that, Fairchild took his first full-time job with *WWD* as a reporter covering the New York retail field. His aggressive, damn-the-consequences (and sometimes damn-the-advertiser) approach to news quickly stamped him as more than a boss's son out for an easy ride up the corporate ladder. "I found I really got a terrific kick out of getting things first, scoops on things like Ohrbach's moving farther uptown, and prying out things you weren't supposed to know, like stores' profit figures." "From the moment he started," his father says, "he stirred things up."

In 1954, his father put him in charge of the Paris bureau, and things really began stirring. Covering his first fashion shows in Paris, Fairchild found himself seated at the back of the room and generally ignored in favor of the ladies from *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar* and the *New York Times*. "I vowed then," he recalls, "to change that, to make them all sit up and take notice of me and *Women's Wear Daily*."

Sit up they did. Fairchild began panning collections unmercifully, breaking release dates on sketches of clothes, cultivating couturiers' underlings as tipsters, and reporting in juicy (though often unchecked) detail the gossip of buyers overheard in the bar of the Ritz Hotel. In other fields of journalism, even old-fashioned police reporting, such antics might result in a punch on the nose or at least ostracism. But in the bitchy, fearful world of fashion, where a snub is worse than a club and a puffy para-



THE LONGUEVILLE AS SEEN

graph is worth its weight in gold brocade, Fairchild thrived. In 1957, weeks before it was shown to the buyers, he managed to get hold of a sketch of Givenchy's precedent-shattering shift, later to be called "the sack," and ran it on *WWD's* front page. In 1960, he got advance word of Yves St. Laurent's distinctive new silhouette for the House of Dior, which he maliciously described as looking like "a toothpaste tube on top of a brioche." Soon Fairchild was not only sitting in the front row for new collections, but mixing socially with top designers and buyers as well.

BP at Play

Anyone who thought that this treatment might flatter him into flattery got a rude shock. He enlarged the Paris bureau staff and expanded his domain to include the Italian and Spanish collections. He sent his reporters to nightclubs, theaters, chic restaurants and chichi resorts to note not only what jet-setters were wearing but what they were doing while wearing it. A letter to his father explained his aims: "*WWD* must be alive in this alive business, *WWD* must be controversial in this controversial business, *WWD* must be smart and snobby in this smart and snobbish business." In late 1960, John returned to New York to become publisher of *WWD*.

Fairchild arrived in New York with an audacious plan: to attempt a madcap, Tom Jones-style conquest of the fashion industry by wrapping Seventh Avenue, high fashion and the Beautiful People into one publication. Run-of-the-mill reporters for *WWD* continued to trudge up and down Seventh Avenue, feeding needle-and-thread stories to rewrite men and women back on Twelfth Street. But, with his pack in full cry, Fairchild rode off in hot pursuit of scoops, gossip and scandal.

A Voyeur's Guide to WWD

For a neophyte, that first plunge into the gossip pits of Women's Wear Daily can be like a trip to the Tuaregs—everything seems veiled, pale blue and couched in some mysterious language. What follows is a rough translation of some of the more common nicknames and catch phrases that appear regularly in "Eye," "Eye Too" and other features of *WWD*.

BP: beautiful people; trend setters; the In crowd.

Catchup Room: the wrong room at the Frog Pond.

Chica: Chessa Rayner, owner of the interior-design firm Mac II.

Frog Pond: Manhattan's La Grenouille restaurant.

FV: fashion victims; BP whose clothes wear them instead of the other way around.

Grand Old Master (GOM): sarcastic reference to Norman Norell.

Her Dream: Princess Margaret.

Her Efficiency: Lady Bird Johnson.

Her Goodness: Pat Nixon.

Her Happiness: Happy (Mrs. Nelson) Rockefeller.

Herself: Eleanor Lambert, doyenne of SA public relations women.

Jackie O: former First Lady, married to Daddy O.

Le Grand Hubert: Givenchy.

Lunch Bunch: BP seen regularly at

the few Manhattan restaurants that *WWD* considers classy.

Man in the White Suit: Courrèges.

Messy: Mica Ertugun, Chica's partner at Mac II.

Mr. Fashion Right: Bill Blass, now that he's back in *WWD's* good graces.

Polly Harness: Designer Mollie Parnis, a *WWD* no-no.

Queen Mother: Mrs. Rose Kennedy.

Restaurant X: the Frog Pond.

Restaurant Y: La Caravelle, Lafayette, Orsini's, La Seine, etc.; in other words, class restaurants that are neither X nor Z.

Restaurant Z: La Côte Basque.

RTW: ready-to-wear clothes.

SA: Seventh Avenue.

The Ulfimate: Gloria Guinness.

Venerable Old Master (VOM): snotty reference to Mainbocher; also referred to from time to time as "Remember the Main."



IN EVERY VARIATION THROUGH THE LENSES OF WWD PHOTOGRAPHERS

For openers, just after he got back to New York, he won worldwide attention when his report that Jackie and Rose Kennedy had spent \$30,000 on a Paris shopping spree became an issue in the 1960 presidential campaign. (Jackie pouted: "I'm sure I spend less than Mrs. Nixon.") He mixed fashion scoops with big names: Princess Margaret's wedding dress, Lady Bird Johnson's inaugural wardrobe, Happy Rockefeller's trousseau, Jackie's leopard coat (when she first emerged from mourning), Lynda Bird's wedding dress. Under Fairchild's prodding, *WWD* began building up jet-setters like Gloria Guinness, Isabel Eberstadt, Amanda Burden and Baby Jane Holzer (what ever became of Baby Jane?) into the equivalent of 1930s Hollywood stars.

With a report on twist fashions at the Peppermint Lounge and another on Small's Paradise in Harlem, the paper launched a series of features on Beautiful People at play. The late Carol Bjorkman, a onetime Saks buyer and jet-setter, began a knowing gossip column called "Carol Says," then moved on to interviews with the likes of Vice President Johnson and a new quarterback named Joe Namath. Reviews, always glib and sometimes perceptive, criticized books, plays, movies, TV shows, restaurants and (lately) Sunday church services. "Eye" and "Eye Too," gossip columns on the snide side, became must reading on the East Side and elsewhere. Pages were regularly filled with features and with candid-camera shots of BPs going in and out of smart restaurants.

As the paper's content got livelier, it also got meaner and more autocratic. The wives of political figures became favorite targets. A photograph of Mrs. Hubert Humphrey was captioned "That little old dressmaker is at it again." A simple dress and jacket worn by Mrs.

Stuart Symington became "another one of those 'dumb' costumes." Society and show business regularly get theirs in *WWD* too. Just last week, Fairchild ordered up a layout on women who "become walking billboards for all the latest status symbols" and "allow fashion to wear them." He even gave them their own initials, FV (Fashion Victims). The caption for FV Barbra Streisand, shown in the transparent Seacsi costume that she wore to receive her Oscar, was taken from her latest movie: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever." Coming up soon: a list of SMs (Social Moths).

Cause and Effect

Above all, perhaps, *WWD* under Fairchild has shown a taste for vendettas against designers. Norman Norell, Mainbocher, Pauline Trigère and Mollie Parnis have all had their work pointedly ignored in its pages. Often, it seems, for the pettiest of reasons. Miss Trigère was honest enough to deride the clearly pretentious term *Longuette* on a David Susskind television show last March. Her work has not been covered by *WWD* since. Cause and effect? Not at all, says Publisher Brady, who adds with a stamp of his tongue: "I think Madame Trigère has no influence on American fashion." Mollie Parnis lost favor a few years ago after she refused to give *WWD* some advance sketches of clothes she was designing for Lady Bird Johnson. *WWD* has not seen fit to cover Parnis' work since.

"If you are ignored by *WWD*, you're in trouble," says Designer Anne Klein. Her collections get coverage, but she complains that *WWD* favors male designers, such as Oscar de La Renta, Adolfo, Bill Blass (though he was snubbed for a time), Geoffrey Beene and Yves St. Laurent. Adds Miss Klein: "If St. Laurent showed barrels with two holes

cut out, I guarantee that *Women's Wear* would brand it the coming look. It would also note that the stays were made of teak, the nails were of the purest brass and the holes were structurally cut."

Can anybody be that loyal? Certainly not John Fairchild, says Designer Jacques Tiffeau. In his own special *franglais*, Tiffeau laments: "One day he love you and the next day he hate you." Tiffeau offers his analysis of *WWD*'s success: "They survive because they are alone in a business and because we are at a time when people are demanding a dirty newspaper like *Screw* or *Rat*, and they are the Seventh Avenue equivalent of those magazines. They are not putting a nude picture on the front page but they should, and that's where they don't go far enough." For good measure, Tiffeau adds that Fairchild has "the power of the devil."

The devil? John Fairchild? A man with a cherubic face and dimple in his chin? It seems unbelievable. But it is true that his power scares the hides out of many fashion figures who are not as outspoken as Tiffeau. When interviewed by *TIME* reporters, several designers said nice things about Fairchild on the record and then nasty things off. For attribution, one said: "Fairchild is a genius." Not for attribution, he added: "His type of journalism is despicable. He is the Mafia godfather of the industry."

It is not just designers who are afraid to talk publicly about Fairchild. A retailer in Chicago explained his silence



BONNIE WITHOUT CLYDE
Ideas from the movies.

simply: "Fairchild would crucify you if you said anything against the paper or the Longue. Something nasty would appear in the 'Eye' column and there would be the implication that your store was completely out of it. No woman of fashion would ever want to shop there again. This is why people are so scared of Fairchild. He has enormous influence and he can really get you."

Some of those who hate Fairchild spread rumors that he is a homosexual. He is supposed to have had an affair with a noted French designer during his Paris days, they say, and heaven knows what he is up to now. Fairchild dismisses the rumors with a laugh. "I've only been propositioned once in my life by a male designer," he says, "so I must not be very attractive to them. All you have to do is take a look at _____; he looks like a little spoiled girl. He isn't even sexy. Surely I could do better than that."

More seriously, he adds: "There is always this kind of rumor in this business. It's a very bitchy business. It's true that we launched _____, and because of that people say that Fairchild must have had an affair with him. It's ridiculous. You know, there used to be talk in Paris that I was having orgies with animals. Unfortunately, or fortunately, I guess I am really just an old, tired square."

Forgivable Habits

As a description of his own life-style, Fairchild's comment is not far from the mark. Although he regularly joins the lunch bunch at the Frog Pond and Restaurants X, Y and Z, he does it more as an observer and story spotter than a participant. (Fairchild often puts in a phone call to bring a *WWD* photographer hurrying to the scene.) Evenings, he shuns discotheques, parties and radical chic; instead, he takes the subway and bus home to his eight-room East Side apartment, dines with Jill and their four children, and listens to Shostakovich on the stereo.

Fairchild not only avoids the Beautiful People that his paper talks about; he abhors them. The clearest illustration of this is probably a terrible novel he wrote in 1967, *The Moonflower Couple*. On the surface, the book seems to be a fascinated and empathetic look at the lives of a beautiful couple, but, says Fairchild, "anyone who thinks that doesn't understand the novel. It is a story about how a woman is destroyed by her husband's ambition and the Beautiful People scene. It shows the vacuousness of the Beautiful People." Then he adds with some heat: "Those people are a joke, wasteful and unimportant. To be living like that in this day and age is unforgivable."

By such standards, Fairchild's habits are entirely forgivable. He does not smoke, has never tried pot, rarely watches television. He does drink wine, but is hardly an oenophile. At Restaurant Z, he switches from sweet vermouth to

dry by telling the waiter: "Bring me some of the white kind." His passion is movies, any movies, and he often steals away from his office to catch an afternoon show. (One result is that *WWD* is hip on movies, and often spots fashion trends in them.) Fairchild's one great luxury is a pleasant \$200,000 bungalow in Bermuda. This year Jill and the children are spending the summer there, and Fairchild flies down almost every weekend to loll in a hammock, barbecue steaks on the outdoor fireplace and splash gingerly in the gentle surf.

Fairchild saves his energy for his only genuine indulgence—running *Women's Wear*. He was full of ideas when he first returned to New York City from France: he wanted to print the paper in several cities to speed distribution; he wanted to switch from the company's muddy old flatted presses

Fairchild Publications (down from last year's record \$33 million gross and \$5.5 million profit) threatens the continued publication of *Home Furnishings Daily* and *Metaworking News*.

Meanwhile, Fairchild has plenty to occupy him in just churning out *Women's Wear* and battling for the midi. Field headquarters for the fray is Fairchild Publishing's grubby third-floor editorial room, a noisy, bare-floored relic straight out of *Front Page*, where editors shout and ink-stained copy boys scurry. A few feet away from Fairchild's scarred, wooden desk sits Publisher Brady, who starts the day at *WWD* by calling the top editors together for a brutal analysis of that morning's issue. "That sketch on Page One today is grotesque," he snapped at a recent session. "The girl looks bizarre." Like Fairchild, Brady often fathers items in "Eye" and

HARRY REEL



FAIRCHILD & FAMILY IN BERMUDA

"The Beautiful People are a joke, wasteful and unimportant."

to cleaner offset printing; he wanted to use more color illustration. The family blocked the way. "They kept treating me like a snotty little brat who was running around with wild ideas that were going to ruin the business," he says. But after his father's retirement, John took over the company presidency in 1967, and a year later negotiated a merger with Capital Cities Broadcasting Corp. that neatly removed him from the Fairchild family's veto. It was no letdown financially, either. He now owns about 45,000 shares of Capital Cities stock, last week worth a total of \$1,250,000, and draws an annual salary of \$90,000.

His obstacles thus cleared away, Fairchild is moving ahead, still bursting with ideas. The latest is for a new weekly magazine to be called *W* ("For the Woman Who Is First") that would cost 50¢, have a press run of 225,000 and be, in effect, an expanded *WWD* without all the trade stories. But the general economic climate has postponed the birth of *W*, and revenue slippage at

"Eye Too." He recently aimed a backhand at Abercrombie & Fitch because they did not stock tennis shorts in his waist size (32 in.). He picks up gossip by mixing with the Beautiful People at night and attending the parties that Fairchild shuns. In fact, the entire staff of *WWD* is expected to keep a lookout for potential "Eye" specks, whether they regularly cover the BP scene or a trade beat like "intimate apparel" (known in the pre-Fairchild era as "girdles and bras").

WWD has a staff of 59, of whom 20 cover fashion—sometimes in a peculiarly Fairchild way. At last month's opening of the Givenchy Boutique at Bergdorf Goodman's in Manhattan, four front-row seats were reserved for *WWD*. They remained empty until five minutes before the showing ended. Then a peasant-skirted, elaborately coiffed young girl skittered in, occupied one of the four seats, took a note or two, and left. A few sketches of the boutique ran in "Eye" the next day without any com-

ment on the collection. Givenchy, it turns out, will not release sketches to *WWD* before his shows.

In the midi campaign, Fairchild's principal strategists are Brady and June Weir, *WWD*'s fashion editor, whom Fairchild made a vice president in a recent shakeup (and whom Jacques Tiffau calls "a nun with a knife in both pockets"). Fairchild and Brady have been close friends ever since 1953, when John was covering the retail stores and Brady was working in Macy's advertising department. Weir came to *WWD* in 1954, also from Macy's, where she had been an assistant buyer. Fairchild first got the midi notion in 1966, says Weir, when he saw Zhivago-inspired coats in Paris. By the following spring, the look was beginning to show up in ready-to-wear collections, and Weir coined the word midi to describe it.

Bonnie and Clyde was the next step. Says Weir: "I saw Faye Dunaway in those soft sweaters and long skirts and those cunning little berets, and I thought that was one of the greatest things I'd ever seen." Fairchild and Brady thought so too, and *WWD* swung into action. "We weren't promoting the fashion," Weir insists. "We just went around Seventh Avenue and kept asking everybody if they were doing anything with it. And then, you know, there was a sort of chain reaction and we reported what was going on." *WWD* used plenty of space to report "what was going on," but even insiders at the paper admit that the Bonnie and Clyde campaign was a flop. Somewhat defensively, Weir says: "Well, there were smart women who were aware of the look. Chessy Rayner and Gloria Cooper certainly turned up in it, at least for evening wear."

Wardrobe of Lengths

Two developments gave the midi something of a push. In his 1968 fall collection, Yves St. Laurent showed "city pants"—pants to wear to work, parties, restaurants and the theater. Fairchild is firmly convinced that pants on women are "gross," but he paid attention when Designer Marc Bohan told him that they would get the women used to the notion of covering up their mini-hared legs. The second event was the 1969 movie *The Damned*, a period-costumed portrayal of the decadence of 1930s Nazidom. Fairchild loved the long slinky dresses so much that he gave private screenings of the film for designers, retailers and manufacturers. *WWD* thereupon opened the way for the midi by coining the expression "wardrobe of lengths," meaning that any length was O.K., up to and including the micro-mini.

Then along came the big European shows in January of this year. Valentino presented a collection of long

lengths in Rome, and Bohan did essentially the same in Paris. Most other top designers in Europe and the U.S. stayed with the "wardrobe of lengths" idea. But no matter. As Weir now recalls: "We made a decision. We decided to make a stand for the long length. We jumped right in on it with both feet." Brady adds: "We hit the development pretty hard. We went way out on a limb, saying this was the coming fashion before there was really hard evidence that it was."

Something Like Seduction

It is all terribly exciting—but dangerous as well. Fairchild and *Women's Wear* have pinned their reputation and influence to a sudden and dramatic change in fashion, and a lot of stores have bought accordingly. "Women still follow the leader," says Henry Clements, a dress-manufacturing consultant in New York. "When cold weather comes in, you can bet that the longer look will be universal." Bill Fine of Bonwit's takes a boudoir view of the midi: "My feeling is that it's like seduction. It's not whether a woman will go for it, but how far she'll go." John Fairchild's wife Jill admits that she did not like the long skirt for the longest time. "But Johnny kept bringing me things," she says, "indoctrinating and brainwashing, and now I think it looks pretty and the short skirt just a little cheap and vulgar."

Still, there is plenty of resistance. "These things evolve better if they are not pushed too hard," says Vincent DePaul Draddy, president of David Crystal, Inc. "The mini crept up over a period of years. The midi should now creep down over a number of years." It will may. Around the salt-water pool at Harbor Beach, Mich., a resort frequented by well-to-do Detroiters and St. Louisans, a group of women took a pledge this summer to use pantsuits to tide them over the midi indecision. Many women elsewhere apparently feel the same way. Across the country, pants sales are up, and midi sales have not moved much at all.

In the next few weeks, however, as the weather grows brisker, the midi's real test of popularity will come. When it does, the midi will have to score a clean, single-season breakthrough if Fairchild is to preserve his image as the No. 1 influence in fashion. A partial victory might convince the casual onlooker of his continued primacy, but it would not fool manufacturers and retailers with storerooms full of dresses they cannot sell. Because he has gambled so heavily and because the industry stands to lose so much, Fairchild could not emerge from a defeat of the midi without suffering heavy losses himself. His response to that peril is about as close as Seventh Avenue ever comes to a *beau geste*: "I suppose we could have taken a much calmer approach to the Longuette, but that isn't our style. We approach everything like a tiger, not a cat."

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* Since then, they must have done something wrong; last week Chessy and Gloria were included in *WWD*'s list of Fashion Victims.

BUSINESS

Collision Course in Detroit

A FAMILIAR collective-bargaining ritual was played out in Detroit last week. Just 13 days before the deadline for a strike that could powerfully affect the future course of the nation's economy, the Big Three automakers simultaneously presented their first cash offer to 700,000 members of the United Auto Workers. Union leaders angrily rejected the nearly identical proposals as much too little. On the surface, at least, the disparity between offer and expectation seems to increase the chances for an auto strike when the industry's current three-year contracts expire next week.*

Much of the disparity arises from dif-

er—is simply accumulated back pay. To the companies, it merely requires an offer of at least 26¢ an hour in the current negotiations.

Something Old, Something New. As they see it, the companies have met that obligation. Their offer provides for an immediate 7½% increase of 27¢ an hour for a typical U.S. auto worker making \$3.59 an hour in base pay. In the second year, he would get another 11.5¢ per hour, and in the third year 12¢ more—amounting in all to a raise of 14%, or 50¢ an hour, over the three-year contract term. Higher-paid craftsmen in the auto industry would gain more—48¢ per hour in the first year, for in-

posed to throw it over lightly." The companies did offer pension increases, but not the "30 and out"—voluntary retirement at any age after 30 years of service on a minimum pension of \$500 a month—that is the most emotional issue among union members. Under G.M.'s plan, pensions would increase 23% to \$202.50 for a worker retiring at 65, and 25% under an early retirement provision beginning Jan. 1, 1972. At that time, a 60-year-old worker with 30 years of service could retire with a pension of \$500.

"Not the Last Word." The companies also made some demands of their own, most notably that employees share future increases in medical and hospital insurance costs, at present paid entirely by the automakers. They also proposed

J. EDWARD BAILEY



U.A.W.'S BLUESTONE

fering interpretations of a curiously ambiguous clause in the agreement that ended a 66-day U.A.W. strike against Ford in 1967, and that subsequently was adopted by other companies. The strike revolved in part around a cost-of-living allowance that raised workers' wages along with the Government's price index. The union agreed to an 8¢-an-hour annual ceiling on the amount by which workers' pay might increase to offset inflation. Any difference between that amount and what the workers could get if there were no ceiling, the agreement read, "shall be available" at the beginning of a new contract in 1970. To the union, that difference—now amounting to 26¢ per hour for the average work-



G.M.'S MORRIS & BRAMBLETT

er, for skilled workers now earning \$6.46. General Motors placed the cost of the package at \$1.4 billion for wages alone, and called the offer "the largest economic proposal" in the company's history.

To the union, the automakers' proposals amount to much less. "Essentially a hiccup," scoffed Irving Bluestone, the chief U.A.W. bargainer at G.M. Counting the disputed 26¢ as "old money," the U.A.W. calculates the first-year offer of "new money" at no more than an average 3¢ per hour, or .75%. The union has hinted that a pay-and-benefit increase of 8% plus the catch-up 26¢ would be acceptable. That would amount to an increase for the average worker of roughly double the industry offer.

The two sides are hardly closer to agreement on another major union demand: removal of the limit on cost-of-living increases. Getting the union to agree to the ceiling "cost us half a billion dollars" in lost revenue during the 1967 strike, said Ford Vice President Malcolm L. Denise, and "we're not dis-

posed to throw it over lightly." Those of established employees. Chrysler's written offer explained why: "During 1969, one of every two new hires left the corporation in less than 90 days... the probationary period. [Their] absentee rate was 18.6%. This absenteeism and turnover is costly to the corporation."

Considering the militant mood of many auto workers, the union's prompt rejection of the companies' offer could hardly have been a surprise. The 25-man U.A.W. International Executive Board named both G.M. and Chrysler as possible strike targets, eliminating only Ford, which bore the last strike in 1967. But there was a measure of hope in the comment of G.M. Vice President Earl Bramblett, who heads the corporation's negotiating team with Labor Relations Director George Morris, that the offer was "not the last word." That ambiguous phrase left the union—as well as millions of other workers and businessmen who would be hurt by a strike—wondering just how pleasant the final word would be.

* The U.A.W.'s contract with American Motors runs until Oct. 16.

PERSONNEL

Outplacing the Dehired

The job that executives have always hated most is firing fellow executives. It is a task that top managements increasingly face as the business downturn and profit squeeze make superfluous executives an insupportable luxury. In July, unemployment among professional and managerial employees rose to 394,000—up 74% from a year earlier. Now, though, a method has been developed to take some of the sting and embarrassment out of executive firing. Instead of simply bouncing a subordinate, the boss can send him to a firm that specializes in helping unwanted executives to find new jobs. The practitioners have even coined a euphemistic description for the process: "outplacing" executives who have been "dehired."

Rebuilding Confidence. The center of this new profession is Manhattan, where four firms within the past 1½ years have concentrated on working with the dehired. THinc, Career Planning Corp., deals exclusively in outplacement; David North & Associates, Gough Management Services, and Career Directions Corp. also practice conventional executive recruiting. Their fees, paid by the company that fires the client, generally are 10% of the man's last annual salary, with a \$2,000 minimum.

All of them help the dehired executive to size up the job market, select companies that might use his services, prepare résumés and develop contacts. THinc, and North also provide extensive personal counseling aimed at getting the executive to assess realistically his strengths and weaknesses and, most important, to rebuild his confidence.

Such services are necessary, the placement people claim, because their clients often arrive bewildered and defensive. Nearly all are men of genuine ability who in the past have made im-

portant contributions to the companies that fired them. Many of these executives are squeezed out because of mergers, reorganizations or disagreements with their superiors over corporate policy rather than because of incompetence. Nevertheless, they often find the firing a shattering blow and think that their careers are ended.

Some turn snappish. David North tells of one client, a former financial vice president he calls Tom, who got the ax because he began disagreeing too frequently with the president on how the business should be run. The president, who had been a close friend, referred Tom to North. At first Tom hesitated to accept any help. "Let's be realistic," North told him. "You got fired, and he [the president] is willing to pay for my program. Let the bastard pay." Tom agreed, but initially he objected to undergoing psychological testing. "I suppose you're going to tell me how good my boss was to me," he argued. Tom's attitude began to change when the psychologist, playing job interviewer, sharply asked how a new employer could be sure that Tom was able to run a cost-cutting program; describing the cost cuts that he had put into effect at his old company. Tom began talking confidently rather than querulously. Eventually, he found a job at a higher salary than the nearly \$60,000 a year he had drawn from the company that fired him.

Saving Money Too. The outplacement firms have their critics. Some industrial psychologists feel that an executive who has been fired needs the determination to reassess his abilities and find a job on his own. Thomas Hubbard, president of THinc., raises the question of conflict of interest on the part of the companies that do both outplacement and conventional executive recruiting. "No one knows," he says, "when one company's \$45,000-a-year dehired will be touted by the firm to another company as their 'new \$50,000

hotshot.'" Officials of the companies involved reply that they keep the two parts of their business rigidly separate. Dehireds are counseled not to hide the fact that they have been fired; the placement people and the firing companies work out a suitable explanation for a new employer who inquires why. One standard line is that the executive's job was eliminated by a reorganization, and the company, despite much effort, could not find another appropriate place for him.

The outplacement specialists see nothing but growth ahead for their business. The increasingly competitive economic climate, they insist, will lead more and more businesses to prune their executive ranks, while expanding firms will continue to seek experienced men. Besides, the outplacers do more than salve the conscience of the boss who sends a dismissed subordinate to them; they also may save him money. Hubbard cites the case of a company that offered to continue the \$40,000 salary of a fired executive for a year while he looked for another job. After going through THinc.'s program, the executive quickly caught on with a new company. Even after paying THinc.'s \$4,000 fee, the company that fired him saved more than \$30,000.

FINANCE

A Welcome Drop

All summer borrowers have been waiting for evidence that a drop in interest rates would turn out to be the real thing rather than a temporary flutter. Last week they got a strong sign as the bond market passed a critical test. On a single day, New England Telephone and Telegraph and International Harvester simultaneously floated issues totaling \$275 million, a financing load that in almost any week earlier this summer would have depressed bond prices and sent interest rates soaring again. Somewhat to the surprise of underwriters, nearly all of the bonds were sold promptly, and interest rates stayed down.

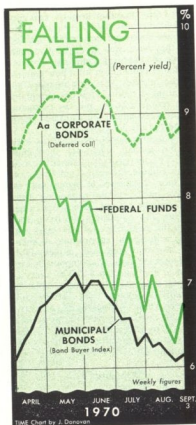
New England Telephone's \$175 million of bonds will yield 8.65%, a sky-high rate by historic standards but well below the record 9.35% rate on a New Jersey Bell offering in mid-June. Some other interest rates have shown even greater declines over the same period; the average yield on tax-exempt bonds issued by states and cities, for example, has fallen to 6.16% from a record 7.12%. The "federal funds" rate at which banks borrow reserves from each other is down to 6.75% from 9.75% early this year. Even home-mortgage rates have backed off a bit from their highs, easing to an average 8.97% from 9.3% at the end of June. The drops have brought home buyers and state and city treasurers their first welcome financial news in many months.

Percolating Again. The fall in interest rates is the strongest—though far from the only—sign that cash and credit are again beginning to percolate

"THEY TOOK MY NAME OFF THE DOOR, BUT THEY LET ME KEEP THE CARPET."



DRAWING BY MULLIGAN © 1983, THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.



through an economy that had seemed on the point of running out of lendable money last spring. Banks and savings and loan associations, long strapped for funds, have been taking in abundant new cash. Total time deposits at commercial banks have risen 21% in the past five months, to \$211.5 billion. The rise has accelerated since Washington in June permitted the banks to pay any rate they wished on large time deposits. The banks can lend more of the money, too—directly or through the bond market—because the Federal Reserve Board has also reduced the proportion that they must keep in reserve. S and Ls took in \$508 million of deposits in July, a record for the month. As a result, they were able to make \$2 billion of new mortgage loans in July, 5% more than a year earlier—the first such year-to-year increase in twelve months.

There are several reasons why money is becoming more available. Business demand for loans has ebbed with the nation's economic slowdown, making it easier for banks to meet the remaining loan demand. The commercial and industrial loan volume of major New York City banks has dropped \$1.6 billion so far this year, v. a \$630 million rise in the equivalent 1969 period. Consumers lately have been saving an unusually high 7.6% of their incomes, largely because they fear further rises in unemployment.

The principal source of the renewed money flow, most economists suspect,

is the Federal Reserve, which is now practicing a more expansionary policy than Chairman Arthur Burns has been talking. In the first half of 1970, the board increased the nation's money supply (including time deposits) at an annual rate of 5%; Burns later declared publicly that this was "about right." In the last two months though, the annual rate of increase has averaged more than 16%. Considering its fears of renewed inflation, the board is unlikely to go on pumping out money for long at quite that pace. In a May directive that was recently made public, however, the Federal Reserve did decide to pour out as much credit as might be required to ease the severe strains that then threatened to disrupt financial markets.

The policy seems to have spread the desired tranquility. Spring fears of a "liquidity crisis" that might force other major corporations to follow the Penn Central into bankruptcy have subsided. Indeed, conditions have eased so much that two tiny banks—Canal National Bank of Portland, Me., and Citizens Bank of Jonesboro, Ark.—in the past two weeks have cut their "prime" loan rate (the minimum charge from which all other rates on business loans scale upward) from 8% to 7½%. Big-city banks are not yet ready to follow, but money-men are increasingly hopeful that they will do so sometime this fall. Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans at week's end went further to say that he could foresee the prime rate and the yield on corporate bonds dropping to 6% "in the foreseeable future"—although he prudently declined to fix a date.

AUTOS

A Question of Concern

General Motors Corp. made a unique move last week to meet the objections of critics who have assailed its attitude toward such major social issues as auto safety and pollution. The world's largest manufacturer designated five members of its board of directors as a "public policy committee" to "inquire... into all phases of [General Motors'] operations" that relate to national problems. The group is headed by John A. Mayer, chairman of Mellon National Bank & Trust Co. G.M. Chairman James Roche said that the existence of the committee would give "matters of broad national concern a permanent place on the highest level of management."

Critics responded only with more skepticism. Consumer Crusader Ralph Nader, G.M.'s No. 1 foe, dismissed the committee as "a fraud." The organizers of Campaign G.M., a group that has been pressing the company to exercise greater social responsibility, complained that the committee "has no blacks, no women, no consumer representatives or environmentalists." The apparent moral: Only tangible and prompt action will quiet G.M.'s persistent detractors.

Britain's Struggle

ONLY last year it seemed to many Britons that their long-sought economic turn-around was finally at hand. The balance of payments showed a handsome surplus, foreign debts declined, and even the country's laggard industrial productivity gave signs of recovery. The euphoria turned out to be shorter than an English summer. Britain is once again tumbling into one of the periodic economic crises that have made the country the chronic invalid of Europe.

The British have dubbed the current malady "stagflation"—a combination of stagnant consumer demand and almost runaway wage-price inflation. During the first quarter, the country's real output actually fell by 1%; retail prices have risen so far this year at a 7.7% annual rate. In one recent week, statisticians counted 286 increases in grocery prices. Telephone charges and railway fares are up, some London subway fares have doubled, and postage for a first-class letter will go up from 5d. to 7d. in January. The nationalized coal and gas industries have publicly warned that substantial rate increases are in the offing. Inflation, says Robert Carr, Secretary of State for Employment and Productivity, "is out of control. Until we can get it under control, the country will be heading for economic disaster."

Militant Wildcats. The sharp rise in prices is exceeded only by wage demands unprecedented in scale, and by the militancy with which they are sought. Basic wage rates rose a steep 9.9% in the seven months from January to July, compared with 5.4% for all of 1969. By one estimate, there has been a daily average of ten work stoppages so far this year among the companies that supply parts to Britain's auto industry. Now a four-week wildcat strike by 5,000 metalworkers at GKN Sankey Ltd., a major manufacturer of car parts, has halted automakers' assembly lines and has put 35,000 other auto workers out of their jobs. The parts makers are holding out for a 43% raise.

British workers have spent more time on strike so far this year than in any similar period since 1947. They have succeeded in winning hefty wage increases, despite the existence of a Prices and Incomes Board that is supposed to keep that from happening. London dockers tied up shipping for three weeks this summer, paralyzing the foreign trade from which Britain earns its living. They want a 7% basic wage increase, and as much as 45% more in minimum overtime pay. Miners, who got a 10% raise in October, are now pressing for a 33½% hike; local government laborers are demanding a raise of at least 20% on top of an increase last fall. Some 350,000 farm workers want a 37% boost and 320,000 teachers, who won an average 11% increase after a 3-month strike last winter, are after another 37%. Even 5,000 union-

with Stagflation

ized steel executives are demanding raises of 181%.

The new surge of inflation is rapidly eroding the balance of payments gains brought about by two years of severe economic restraint. It has again called into question Britain's capacity to compete in an enlarged Common Market and poses a renewed—though not immediate—threat of another devaluation of the pound. To avert that blow, many economic analysts contend, Britain's new conservative government will have to adopt strong anti-inflation measures soon.

Heath's Dilemma. How to do so presents an acute dilemma for Prime Minister Edward Heath, who last week held his first Cabinet meeting in six weeks, after a summer largely spent sailing his 34-ft. sloop around the Isle of Wight. Heath cruised into office last June on a promise to cut taxes and restore financial incentive to Britons, who are among the most oppressively taxed people in the world. Income taxes take \$22 out of the average worker's \$250-a-month income, but collect as much as \$18,250 of a top executive's \$25,000 taxable income. If Heath reduces taxes to spur productivity now, however, he runs the risk of fueling an inflationary burst of consumer spending. If he confronts the unions head-on, the resulting strikes could damage badly needed production at a time when 2.6% of the labor force—a high level for Britain—already are jobless.

Last week Heath met with the Trades Union Congress's general secretary, Victor Feather, in what turned out to be little more than an exercise in political diplomacy. The powerful T.U.C. had already rejected government appeals for moderation in wage demands, and the government has shown no inclination to adopt the unionists' alternative suggestion of rapidly expanding the economy. "This government has no policy," complained Feather last week. "Unions are the scapegoat."

Useless Degrees. Stagflation is also contributing to Britain's social tensions, "I don't expect to work ever again," says Peter Yore, 48, a jobless miner who has spent 34 years in the coal pits. "I've tried, tramping about all over the place, but nobody wants me." At the other end of the spectrum, some 4,000 graduates leave Britain's universities each year without a job, largely because they hold degrees in "unmarketable" subjects. When job opportunities do open up, many workers are reluctant to move to another town because it would mean giving up low-rent public housing that they have waited years to occupy. Near the root of the country's economic problems are pandemic featherbedding by nearly everyone from chairman to charwoman and a class antagonism that heightens the normal tension between



TEACHERS ON STRIKE IN LONDON LAST JANUARY
Euphoria shorter than the summer.

management and organized labor. Each tends to blame the other—and each, in a way, is right.

British management has been notorious for its slowness in adopting cost-cutting techniques, new machinery and sophisticated marketing methods. But nowhere is it more critically behind the times than in industrial relations. As one young industrial executive said last week, "In a lot of British firms, they still assign some retired naval officer to the job of industrial-relations officer. The post is usually so far down the organization ladder that it's almost invisible."

In return, British laborers often take pains not to work too briskly, for fear of cutting into their regular overtime. Both the organization of Britain's unions and the country's obsolete labor laws also promote industrial strife. National union leaders have little power to discipline locals for wildcat strikes, or to curb the disruptive tendencies of unruly shop stewards. Many companies must contend with as many as 20 different unions in a single factory. Worst of all, British labor contracts are not enforceable in law, and even wildcat strikers cannot be haled into court. Last year former Prime Minister Harold Wilson proposed a bill to enforce mandatory cooling-off periods but shelved the idea because of union opposition. Heath's government, which has no obligation to organized labor, has promised to introduce its own industrial-reform measure later this year. Despite the risk

of triggering a general strike, some such measure seems inescapable if Britain is to bring an end to its industrial-labor chaos.

No Giggling. Many moneymen contend that Britain must also place more reliance on monetary policy to control its economy. Instead, the government for years has depended mainly on taxes and direct controls to even out economic swings. But heavy taxes have greatly diminished the incentive for both companies and individuals to become more productive.

Britain has survived many previous economic crises, even though the country perennially appears to critics to be "sinking giggling to the sea." The difference now is that the rate of descent seems even more precipitous, and the giggling has turned into hollow laughter.

CORPORATIONS

The Missing Millions

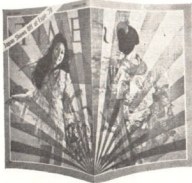
Halfway down Fleet Street, London's Newspaper Row, stands an oasis named El Vino. There, over vintage wines and aged whisky, reporters and editors swap the stories that tough British libel laws discourage them from printing. One of the most durable topics over the past few years has been the flamboyant personality and liberal accounting methods of Captain Robert Maxwell, 46, who built tiny Pergamon Press into a major scientific publishing house. Among financial editors there was a common conviction that the Czech-born publisher,

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who won a military cross while fighting with the British in World War II, was an expert in complex corporate maneuvers.

Maxwell, a Member of Parliament until he was defeated in the June election, was held in considerably greater esteem in London's financial community. Last year, advised by merchant bankers N.M. Rothschild & Sons, Saul Steinberg, 31, chairman of Manhattan's Leasco Data Processing Equipment Corp., made a \$60 million bid for control of Pergamon. The ebullient Steinberg saw Pergamon's big library of scientific data as a logical complement to Leasco (1969 sales: \$101 million), which has aggressively moved into all phases of computer information services as well as management consulting and insurance.

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MAXWELL

STEINBERG



TOPIE

The two entrepreneurs started negotiations last summer with a display of toothy smiles. But as Steinberg pressed for more financial information and disliked what he learned, the smiles turned to snarls. The resulting battle has become one of the longest, most acid and most entertaining in British business history. Steinberg's charges and Maxwell's countercharges have frequently enlivened prime-time television. Even the Board of Trade, Britain's overseer of commercial practices, is investigating the controversy.

Tumultuous Meeting. Steinberg halted his takeover effort a year ago, but not before Leasco had spent some \$22 million to buy 38% of Pergamon's stock in the open market. Last October a tumultuous stockholders' meeting voted Maxwell off the board and out of the chairmanship. Next month Leasco filed a suit charging Maxwell and his associates with conspiring to make false statements about Pergamon's earnings and financial condition. Leasco demands \$22 million in damages; Maxwell insists that the suit is a "ploy," and is suing Leasco, alleging conspiracy to defraud.

At the heart of the dispute are Pergamon's profits. Under the accounting formula used by Maxwell, Pergamon had 1968 pretax profits of \$5.04 million. But a special audit by Price Waterhouse, published two weeks ago, placed 1968 profits at only \$1.2 million

and Pergamon's year-end assets at \$10.8 million rather than the \$16.9 million originally reported.

Error of Judgment. How could Price Waterhouse's reading of the books differ so greatly from Pergamon's, which was audited by the respected British firm of Chalmers Impey? One reason is the failure of a Pergamon affiliate, International Learning Systems Corp., an encyclopedia company, which lost \$8.5 million in 27 months—a fact that did not come to light until two months ago because the books had not been kept up to date. Pergamon is writing off the \$5,000,000 it invested in International Learning; Maxwell admits that failing to provide adequate management for the venture represents "a grievous error of judgment."

Another reason is that Price Waterhouse wants Pergamon to write off \$560,000 of reported profits from sales to companies controlled by Maxwell and his family. Maxwell, who still owns 27% of Pergamon's shares, dismisses many of the Price Waterhouse adjustments as "technical in nature." Says Maxwell: "These public companies were not milked. Trading was to the advantage of Pergamon."

The affair has started a serious debate about British accounting practices. Critics complain that laymen have been encouraged to regard accounting as an exact science, when in reality it involves frequent value judgments. Moreover, Britain lacks the equivalent of the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission to set rules for corporate disclosure, thus allowing management and its auditors to keep ordinary shareholders in the dark about the intricate formulas used to derive profit figures.

The Price Waterhouse report also places Steinberg in a delicate position. To oust Maxwell from the Pergamon board, Steinberg obtained the backing of institutional investors who owned 15% of Pergamon's shares. Their price was an assurance that Leasco would bid for the shares it does not own within 60 days of receiving the Price Waterhouse report. Despite the dubious outlook for Pergamon's profits, Steinberg will soon have to make a bid, not only because he is committed to do so, but also because he has a \$22 million investment to protect.

Underneath the curious financial structure of Pergamon is a sound publishing business with an impeccable reputation in the scientific community. "Despite everything, we are still keen on Pergamon," said Steinberg last week. "The editors and publishers are highly competent, and the long-run future looks good if we can get through this difficult time." Still, says Steinberg, the next time he tries to acquire a British company, he will be sure to tune in on the talk at a Fleet Street pub.



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CINEMA

Supergypsy

Jack Nicholson is either a mountebank or a highly gifted actor. Possibly he is both. As the dead-eyed hero of a couple of obscure westerns that he produced himself (*The Shooting* and *Ride the Whirlwind*), he made Clint Eastwood look like Laurence Olivier. In *Easy Rider*, he walked on and won the film from Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda. Then he descended to his former persona in *On a Clear Day*, playing either Barbra Streisand's lover or a codfish. It was difficult to tell which.

Now, in *Five Easy Pieces*, Nicholson has retaken the high ground. He is Rob-

the viewer's eye. She and circumstance are enough to drive Robert to the family home on an island in Puget Sound. There he views the wreckage of three lives. His autocratic father is paralyzed by strokes; his brother is a priggish martinet; his rabby sister Tita (Lois Smith), an accomplished recital pianist, still looks as if someone is about to rap her knuckles for improper fingering.

Therein lie the liabilities and virtues of this rich, contradictory work. Smith, a resourceful performer, has to work solely with her face; she does not get much aid from the script. Nor does Nicholson. Is Robert running away from excellence, or from the fear of failure? In one long pan, Producer-Director Bob Rafelson tries to supply an answer. Robert plays a Chopin prelude in an attempt to seduce his brother's protégée (Susan Anspach). Up moves the camera to a wall of pictures. There are the young siblings, smiling, optimistic, untouched. On an adjacent wall, the children are grown, the faces strained and damned, the father satanically peering from behind a flowing beard, all silk and grosgrain. That interlude is album riffling, not film making. Such short cuts summon memories less of Robert's early years than of Cornel Wilde's, when he played Freddie Chopin in *A Song to Remember*.

Unequal Time. Amongst mannerisms and quirks, Nicholson rides uneasily. As he plays him, Robert is a hollow man who can grab but not touch; in his joyless sex scenes and sudden tantrums, the failed prodigy is pathetically credible. But his attempts at humor make him look a bit like a third Smothers brother, and Nicholson's now familiar lachronic manner and smile often appear to be a handy substitute for acting.

The film's least reliable contribution comes from Rafelson, a creator of TV's *Monkees*. When he is working with Robert's family, he shows a thorough understanding of the tragedy that resides in love. But he is capable of making the hardhats a mere composite of beer and bowling balls. As if to give the other side unequal time, he grossly carves his intellectuals out of ice.

One interlude, however, is entirely free of stylistic ties. On the road, Robert and Rayette pick up two dyke hitchhikers. One is sullen. The other (Helena Kallianiotis) delivers a ten-minute broadside at "man." She hates to disclose her destination (Alaska) because "man" will go up there and make it filthy. Like Nicholson in *Easy Rider*, Kallianiotis knows how to establish a character swiftly and how to make a running gag gallop. When she is on, the picture is wholly hers. Perhaps it is a characteristic of the new "road" pictures. In which case, the star should have known his fate. After all, he did it first.

■ Stefan Kanfer

Darkness in Suburbia

What do you do when you find your daughter huddled in the back of her bedroom closet, taking a troublesome trip on LSD? Or shackled up in the East Village with a Hell's Angels cokehead? Well, if you believe Eli Wallach and Julie Harris in *The People Next Door*, you blame older brother. You get mad at little sister. You get mad at the neighbors and at each other. And all the time you yell, yell, yell. In every way, *The People Next Door* is an anachronism, a "naturalistic" play like those prevalent in the 1950s. It ran on TV two years ago and has now been transported to the screen with every cliché, every oversimplification, every gross dramatic blunder intact.

The subject, to be sure, is a serious one. But JP Miller, who wrote the similarly devious *Days of Wine and Roses*,



WINTERS & COKEHEAD IN "NEXT DOOR"
Every blunder intact.

is really not interested in it. What occupies his time is repeated and virulent attacks on youth, who are portrayed throughout as spoiled, selfish, loveless and unloving brats. There are a couple of cursory attempts to explain young people's interest in drugs (Mommy takes lots of pills, Daddy is a booze hound), but they all smack of smug rationalization. In the midst of all these dismal goings on are several fine actors yelling to get out. Wallach is brutal and forceful as the father; Hal Holbrook, playing a next-door neighbor, is remarkably moving against overwhelming odds; and the young actors—Deborah Winters, Stephen McHattie, Don Scardino—are a talented crew. The best of *The People Next Door* is the brilliant, low-key camera work of Gordon Willis, whose fine eye for color and composition enlivened other moribund exercises, like *End of the Road* and *The Lord of the Flies*. Willis, instead of investing such care in this project, might better have shut off all the lights on the set and left *The People Next Door*, with its author, in total darkness.

■ Jay Cocks



NICHOLSON IN "EASY PIECES"
The road as panacea.

ert, an oil rigger, heering and wenching with the worst of them. One morning, caught in a traffic jam, Robert explodes. He clambers aboard a moving van, uncovers an old upright and begins playing a delicate Chopin fantasy.

Chopin? This is no ordinary roustabout, no average hardhat. This is a supergypsy, Robert Eroica Dupea, scion of a musical family, gifted pianist and older brother of the easy riders of 1969. Indeed, the same studio that produced *Easy Rider* has manufactured an undrugged, mature version of that film, complete with central emblem: the road as panacea. But now, if something in the plot has thickened, something in the pulse has slowed.

Improper Fingering. Robert has taken a series of pickup jobs, losing himself in the lives of common laborers. He has even impregnated a short-order waitress named Rayette, shrewdly played by Karen Black. The yammering red-head is like an anonymous grain of sand that becomes a major irritation in

BOOKS

Travels with Papi

PAPILLON by Henri Charrière. 434 pages. William Morrow. \$8.95.

Even his underworld name is perfect: Papillon—because he has a butterfly tattooed on his chest.

His real-life scenario begins in Paris, on Montmartre in 1930. At 23, he is a suave breaker of hearts and a slick cracker of safes. Suddenly, he is framed for a murder he did not commit and sentenced to prison for life—or "perpetuity" as the French, knowing their own penal system, more realistically put it. Shuffled off to French Guiana, he tries to break out nine times. On the first escape, he makes it 1,800 miles to Co-

tide-driven bags stuffed with coconuts to serve as food and floatation. End Part I, nearly all of Papillon's story covered in this book.

Total Recall, Part II is set in Venezuela. Papillon becomes an honest citizen. He marries and works variously as gold prospector, nightclub manager, fireman, bush-league dentist, commercial shrimp fisherman. More than 20 years pass. It is 1967. He is over 60 now, and down on his luck. He reads a book of prison memoirs by an Algerian-born lady ex-con named Albertine Sarrazin. Hastily, he buys 13 school notebooks. In a few months, apparently with near total recall, he scribbles Part I (1931 to 1945) in longhand and mails it to Sarrazin's editors in Paris. Called

PATRICK HANAN—PARIS MATCH



CHARRIÈRE LOOKING RICH & FAMOUS IN VENEZUELA
Something of a light industry.

lombia in an open boat, staying free for eleven months before being caught and returned to the penal colony.

Over the years, other attempts come to grief more quickly. His pal's belt buckle catches noisily on the edge of a zinc roof at the key moment. An American sleeping potion administered to a guard fails to work in time. Months are spent in building a raft, piece by piece and then storing it in a grave, only to have a fellow prisoner squeal. But Papillon still has money, left from more than 10,000 underworld francs that he put in a *plan*, a small, polished, waterproof metal tube, harbored in his lower intestine. Papillon is also stirred by dreams of revenge as well as a longing to go straight and start a new life. Sent to solitary for two years, he performs a prison miracle: surviving without going mad. His pals smuggle extra food to him. He methodically exercises his memory while pacing his cell up to eleven hours a day to keep in shape. Finally, in 1941, Papillon escapes definitively, floating away from Devil's Island on a pair of

Papillon (what else?) and barely touched by an editor's pencil, it sells 1,000,000 copies in France, setting a new French record. It is sold to the Book-of-the-Month Club in the U.S. (this November's selection) and, at an estimated \$1,000,000, is contracted for the largest first printing in Pocket Books' history (close to 3,000,000 copies). It is a Reader's Digest Condensed Book for the fall. Film rights are bought for more than \$500,000. Papillon has become a light industry.

Meanwhile, thinly disguised as an ex-con named Henri Charrière, who manages to resemble both the late Robert Benchley and not-so-early George Raft, Papillon the man has turned up in Paris to promote *Papillon* the book. He is photographed with Brigitte Bardot. For *Paris Match*, he revisits French Guiana and poses in the crumbling cells of the now abandoned penal colony. "Would you like to come back to France for good?" a reporter asks him. "France is my blood," says Papillon, with that terse flair that never seems to desert him.

"Venezuela is my heaven." Two books are written attacking *Papillon*. One claims the author was not really much of a safecracker after all. The other suggests that his book is full of errors. "I didn't go into that hell with a typewriter," snaps Papillon. Then he is off for America, where this week his book is being published with some fanfare.

How *Papillon* will fare in the New World is not entirely clear. Its author will surely grow richer and more famous, but he may not be read so avidly as he was in France. As a man he seems both hard to dislike or profoundly distrust. But his story often seems too good to be true, and raises the question of just how much Sunday supplemental escapee-from-Devil's Island experience he has incorporated as his own. For example, on one *cavale* (escape) he gets help from an island full of lepers, and when one hands him some coffee, a whole diseased finger comes off and sticks to the bowl.

Thrilling adventure tales are to a large extent translation-proof. But the French colloquially use words like noble and ignoble that in English (and in a rather stodgy translation, too) sometimes make *Papillon* sound a little like *The Rover Boys on Land and Sea*. Perhaps more important, the kind of sympathy for Papillon that helped the book so much in France is based on a peculiarly Gallic preoccupation with justice miscarried. For years, France has treated men charged with crimes as guilty until proven innocent, and generally looked upon prison as a place that prisoners should either not survive or, failing that, be taught never to risk entering again. Victor Hugo's Jean Valjean—sentenced in perpetuity as the result of a petty theft, remorselessly pursued by the forces of the law, redeeming himself by acts of courage and charity—is a French epic hero. Alfred Dreyfus is his counterpart in the real world of politics and treason. Few American readers will feel Gallic tremors of empathy when Papillon sits on Dreyfus' very bench as he plots escape from Devil's Island, or when, in a Hugo-like episode, he risks his life trying to save a warden's tiny daughter fallen among sharks.

Pimps and Pirates. What will be going for *Papillon* in the U.S. is its strain of fashionable neo-Romanticism. Particularly when extolling the simplicity of the Indians with whom he lived for more than six months in 1934, Papillon offers Rousseauesque passages damning society and praising the noble savage. Indeed, the book is profoundly optimistic about human nature. Its pages are crowded with pimps, pirates and murderers. But, except for those who cruelly serve the prison system, they live in a subsociety marked by a degree of order and a scrupulousness that often goes far enough beyond "honor among thieves" to be of interest to, say, Konrad Lorenz.

The book's best promoter will be Charrière himself. He is already at work

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on a sequel to be called *Papillon Comes Back*—1945 to 1969. So much for Part II. What happens to him as a TV personality in the U.S. will properly belong to Part III, if he ever chooses to write it. Since he is evidently a man of charm, energy and perhaps genius, almost anything could happen. Maybe he will end up marrying Zsa Zsa Gabor or run for Governor of New York. On the track record, both the lady and the state might do worse.

■ Timothy Foote

The Black and the Red

ZECKENDORF: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM ZECKENDORF, with Edward McCreary. 312 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$7.95.

The time is September 1954. Spyros Skouras, Laurance Rockefeller and William Zeckendorf have just passed through an elaborate security screen to reach a Los Angeles meeting with the suspicious, secretive industrialist Howard Hughes. Through Skouras, Hughes has leaked his intention of selling his enormous holdings to devote the proceeds to medical research. Rockefeller, philanthropist and president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, and Zeckendorf at that time, the extraordinarily successful head of the Webb & Knapp real estate empire, have come out from New York to buy.

The meeting is a waste of time. First Hughes feigns ignorance of its purpose. Then Zeckendorf cuts through the mumbo-jumbo and makes an offer. Hughes rejects it out of hand but has what he wants: a free appraisal of his property's value from one of the nation's most astute and best-publicized business brains.

The anecdote, among the best in this personable, skillfully concocted autobiography, is characteristic Zeckendorf because, win or lose, he has always managed to come out sounding like a winner. After all, a man as shrewd as Howard Hughes would only send for the best.

Major in Real Estate. Immodestly becomes few men as well as it does Zeckendorf. Apart from the tangle of overextensions and bad luck that resulted in the collapse of Webb & Knapp in 1965, Zeckendorf seems to have little to be modest about. The son of a Long Island shoe manufacturer, he dropped out of high school, but entered college after attending a cram school and completing 16 regents' exams in one week. In 1925, after three years of parties and football, he dropped college to major in real estate.

During World War II, Zeckendorf won a reputation as an astute real estate manager by increasing the value of Naval Commander Vincent Astor's properties by \$15 million. But it was the postwar building boom that finally made the ambitious and by now well-seasoned Zeckendorf a "bee in clover." Basically, a successful real estate deal is an economic snowball operation. You



WILLIAM ZECKENDORF
Always sounding like a winner.

find a good property, make a minimal down payment, borrow as much as possible at low interest, then sell high to finance the next deal. In addition to having an uncanny instinct for all the complex variations of this pattern, Zeckendorf had the vision to expand beyond New York into the fastest-growing areas in the country.

Together with Architect I.M. Pei, he helped rebuild whole sections of Denver and Dallas. The two men were also prime movers in the renovation of southwest Washington, D.C., which began in the early 50s, and in the planning and building of the imposing Place Ville Marie in Montreal. Zeckendorf devotes a major part of his book to detailing each venture. Outer leases, inner leases, sandwich leases, varieties of mortgages and credit, fees simple and not so simple—all are juggled so adeptly that even if the layman doesn't fully understand them, he is dazzled by the performance.

Through it all, Zeckendorf remains flamboyant and wolfishly charming. In 1946, when it appeared that the United Nations would make its permanent headquarters in Philadelphia, Zeckendorf blocked the move by offering the international organization its present New York site—at any price it felt like paying. He had assembled the 17 acres for other reasons, but he did not think that the U.N. would take advantage of him. It did not. Zeckendorf got \$8,500,000 for land that had cost him \$6,500,000.

These accounts of Zeckendorf's energetic maneuvers and *beaux gestes* in building are readable. They should prove useful to the author. Like Nixon's *Six Crises*, this book is clearly intended to serve as an optimistic self-appraisal, attracting public attention to

the author's comeback effort. Zeckendorf's essential superficiality is hard to disguise. For a man who has built, traveled and lived as widely as he has, he is too reticent about things that really matter. He conspicuously refrains from any substantive discussion of the intricacies of the tax structure that has created so many real estate millionaires. He begs off detailing the fancy overextensions that finally led to the collapse of his company, with the feeble excuse that after four years, he is still too emotionally involved to give a proper account. And though he criticizes men of power and narrow vision who compromised some of his boldest conceptions, he offers too little about influence peddling and conflicts of interest, as well as the public and private corruption that afflicts the real estate and construction businesses. Zeckendorf's own career has been marked by a high degree of imagination, taste and honor. But he certainly has seen a great deal that he could have usefully told without being sued for libel. Instead, he has made his world seem too much like a gentlemanly extension of Monopoly.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Island Scots

THE CROFTER AND THE LAIRD by John McPhee. 159 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.75.

Until three centuries ago, before the great clans were broken and the brutal clearance policies of the late 1700s forced Highlanders to emigrate and make way for sheep, every McPhee in the world lived on a tiny island 25 miles off the western coast of Scotland. Among them were the ancestors of John McPhee, an American writer who has been responsible for several fine books of reportage, including last year's tennis classic, *Levels of the Game*. All his life McPhee had heard about Colonsay. In the spring of 1967, taking his family along, he finally went there.

Romantic Past. What he found was "less like a small town than a large lifeboat," 17 sq. mi. of moor, mountain and rock supporting 138 people, where a purely feudal society had precariously survived the advent of the welfare state. Utterly interlarded through confinement and bloodlines, the islanders were leading lives somehow larger than life, gossiping about each other ("When Donald Garvard's got a bucket in him, he can be a pest of hell"), struggling to make a living from the land and the edges of the sea, engulfed in a romantic sense of the past that curls over and around the island like a North Sea fog. McPhee settled down in a cottage sublet from a crofter named Donald Gibbie to watch and listen. The result is a small masterpiece of penetrating warmth and perception.

Though Colonsay boasts only one store and a pub, McPhee writes, "things amplify. It may be the light." The moun-

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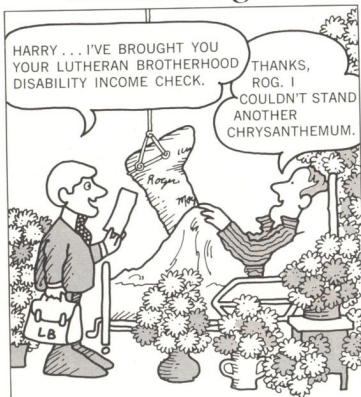
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tains seem bigger than they are, the cairns like fortresses, the people like characters out of sagas, even though they are cattle farmers, shepherds, dock keepers, postmen, laborers—sometimes a little of each. The past, running easily into the present, gives it a special meaning. Donald Gibbie, for example, worked ceaselessly to earn the equivalent of \$1,500 a year. Nevertheless, being a blood-proud descendant of the island's ancient chiefs, when he happens to walk past a particular pinnacle of rock that juts like a bowsprit a hundred feet above the sea, he will sometimes step out on it and stand there on one foot. His ancestors did this for long periods of time, he says, "to prove to man and nature that they were superior beings."

Cloudy Future. Colonsay is an anachronism, and anachronisms are nearly always costly. The owner of the island—the "laird" of the title—is an Englishman named Euan Howard, fourth Baron Strathcona. It was his mixed fortune to inherit the place in 1959 along with the responsibility to maintain at his own expense a broad range of social and economic services. At that time the island cost £10,000 a year to keep going. Through economies, the island produce, including cattle and sea kale, is now just about able to support the inhabitants. McPhee likes Strathcona (rather better than his tenants do) and sympathizes with his problems. But he notes that Strathcona's cutbacks in coal and electricity, plus lack of economic opportunity, promise to reduce the population still further. Soon there may be no more than 70 living people among the countless ghosts. Other islands—Pabbay, Sandray, Taransay, Scarba, Soay, Mingulay, St. Kilda—dot the sea round Colonsay. All were inhabited. Now all are empty.

■ Charles Elliott

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (1 last week)
2. The Crystal Cave, Stewart (2)
3. The Secret Woman, Holt (4)
4. Great Lion of God, Caldwell (3)
5. Play It As It Lays, Didion
6. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (5)
7. Bech: A Book, Updike (6)
8. Calico Palace, Bristow (7)
9. Deliverance, Dickey (8)
10. The Lord Won't Mind, Merrick

NONFICTION

1. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (2)
2. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (1)
3. Zelda, Milford (4)
4. Up the Organization, Townsend (6)
5. Ball Four, Bouton (3)
6. Body Language, Fast (5)
7. Human Sexual Inadequacy, Masters and Johnson (8)
8. Wall Street Jungle, Ney (7)
9. Inside the Third Reich, Speer
10. Hard Times, Terkel (10)

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 THE AFRICAN QUEEN
 THE GRADUATE
 CITIZEN KANE
 FROM HERE TO ETERNITY
 THE MALTESE FALCON
 THE SOUND OF MUSIC
 DOCTOR ZHIVAGO
 SOME LIKE IT HOT
 BONNIE & CLYDE
 CASABLANCA
 DR. STRANGELOVE
 PATHS OF GLORY
 M*A*S*H
 ROMEO & JULIET
 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

1957 ALL AMERICAN LACROSSE TEAM

Goal Jim Kuppler, Maryland
 Defense Ben Glynn, Army
 Defense Doug Levick, Princeton
 Defense Walt Mitchell, Johns Hopkins
 Midfield Joe Seivold, Washington
 Midfield Ernie Betz, Maryland
 Midfield Jim Brown, Syracuse
 Attack Billy Morrill, Johns Hopkins
 Attack Mickey Webster, Johns Hopkins
 Attack Jack Daul, Rutgers



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 purée bretonne

Entrées:
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 Hot quail pâté
 Lobster à la parisienne
 Champagne Sberbets

Rets:
 Duckling à la rouennaise
 Canapés of hunting

Final Course:
 Aubergines à l'espagnole
 Asparagus
 Cassiolette: princesse
 Iced bombe
 Fruit

Wines:
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 Sherry 1821
 Châteauneuf 1847
 Chambertin 1846
 Châteauneuf-Margaux 1847
 Châteauneuf-Latour 1847
 Châteauneuf-Lafite 1848



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THE WORLD'S GREATEST MOTOR CARS

(According to Jeff Scott of
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Rolls Royce "Silver Ghost" (1920's)
 Duesenberg SJ (1931) shown
 Mercedes-Benz 540 K (1938)
 Bugatti (1932-1935)
 Ferrari (1950 on)
 Cord Supercharger (1937)
 Stutz Bearcat (1920's)
 Marmion "Wasp" (1911)
 Jaguar XK 120 (1948)
 Hispano Suiza (1928)
 Model T Ford (1910-1927)
 Cobra (1965)
 MG-TC (1947)
 Alfa Romeo (1935)
 Pierce Arrow (1932)
 Lincoln Continental (1941)

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 MUKDEN
 MUNICH



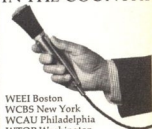
(Visited Montreal, 1932.)

DICK TRACY'S MOST VILLAINOUS ADVERSARIES, 1940-1945

MIDGET AND MAMA
 B-B EYES
 88 KEYS
 PRUNE FACE
 FLATTOP
 BREATHLESS
 SHAKY



FOURTEEN OF THE MOST RESPECTED RADIO STATIONS IN THE COUNTRY



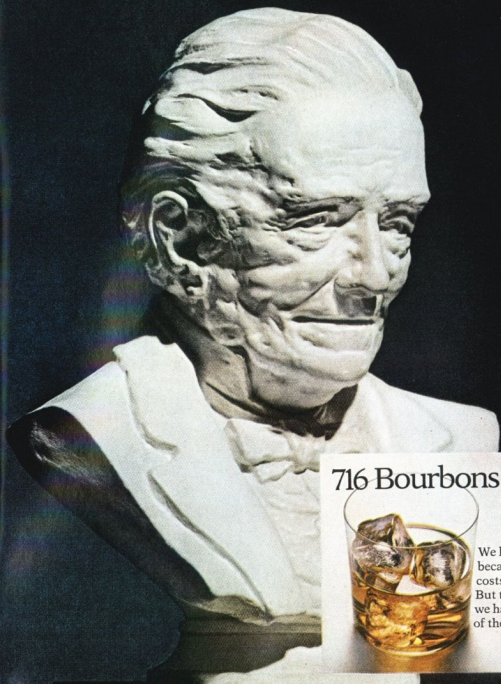
WEEI Boston
 WCBW New York
 WCAU Philadelphia
 WTOP Washington
 WSOC Charlotte
 WSB Atlanta
 WIOD Miami
 WHIO Dayton
 WCCO Minneapolis-St. Paul
 WBBM Chicago
 KMOX St. Louis
 KCMO Kansas City, Mo.
 KCBS San Francisco
 KNX Los Angeles

By breathtaking coincidence,
 all are represented by CBS
 Radio Spot Sales. Experts
 will note that the four Cox
 Broadcasting Corporation
 radio stations are now part
 of the group.

CBS RADIO SPOT SALES

Additions and corrections will
 be welcome. 51 West 52 Street,
 New York, N.Y. 10019, or
 (212) 765-4321.

Kentucky straight bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.



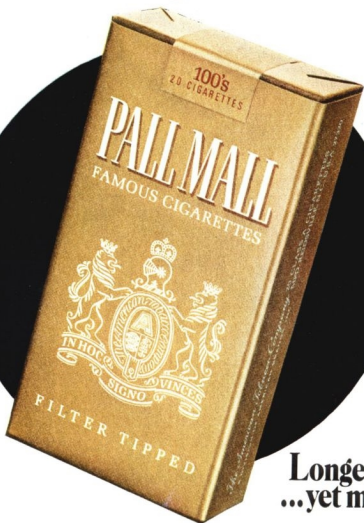
716 Bourbons cost less.



We have to charge more
because smoother Grand-Dad
costs more to make.
But that's the price
we have to pay to be head
of the Bourbon family.

Old Grand-Dad
Head of the Bourbon Family

U.S. Government figures show
PALL MALL GOLD 100's
lower in "tar" than the
best selling filter king



Longer
...yet milder



"Tar" PALL MALL GOLD 100's 19mg. Best-selling filter king 20 mg.